

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



A SOUTH CHINA "HUCKLEBERRY FINN."

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NUMBER - 8

SEPTEMBER
1934

Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges—These are at *Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania*; *Cincinnati, Ohio*; and *Los Altos, California*.

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Seattle, Wash., at 1603 East Jefferson St.

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At *Los Angeles, Calif.*, Maryknoll Fathers 426 South Boyle Ave.; or

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For *Fr. Meyer and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi, China

For *Msgr. Ford and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For *Msgr. Lane and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchuria

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Other Sheep I Have, That Are Not of This Fold: Them Also I Must Bring, and They Shall Hear My Voice, and There Shall Be One Fold and One Shepherd.—St. John 10, 16.



THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1934



Another Year Opens At Mary's Knoll



HERE are two red-letter days in the life of the Maryknoll student: the *End* of the scholastic year; and the *Opening* of the scholastic year.

Just when the saturated cranium is beginning to scowl at a philosophy book, and to incline towards uncomplimentary ideas about theologians, along comes vacation, like an oasis, to freshen jaded spirits; and, what ho! behold! what a din and bustle doth suddenly arise, as comfortably dusty trunks and suitcases are roused from sleepy corners, and sent forth again to their lifelong feud with baggage smashers.

Generally speaking, the anticipation is always so much better than the reality (though heaven is going to surprise us the other way). But there's no disappointment about being with the folks again, and in the intimacy of the family circle living over the events of the past year; and what a poor substitute letters are for the "good long talks" that make a body once more "one of the family"! Then, too, what a relief to forget for awhile that philosophers and theologians ever existed, and to get back to nature a bit with some fishing; or (the lucky ones) back to the world a bit with a job that brings in real, honest-to-goodness money that means clothes and books for the next year.

Yet, even a vacation will begin to pall, when there is re-echoing through the nooks and crannies of a would-be missionary's mind, "*I must be about my Father's business*"; and so, while there's no disguising the real hurt in leaving again one's own, faith comes to the rescue with the promise of far grander family reunions later on, and the Maryknoll savant treks back to the Seminary, feeling one

year nearer the coveted apostolic goal.

There are the old, familiar faces to see again, one's lifelong brothers-to-be in South China, Manchuria, Korea, or Japan in the sweet bye and bye; and there are usually new professors to get ac-



WHEN MISSION ADDICTS GET TOGETHER

Five years' service on the Society's Center Council have not made Father Byrne (right) forget for a moment the strange sights of quaint Korea, nor had any visible effect on Father Drought's supply of South China and Filipino mission yarns

quainted with, not to mention the old ones who are wise to all one's tricks; and, of course, the year's work ahead is always fascinating—in perspective; and, last but not least, there is the Opening Retreat.

STRINGLESS GIFTS are the most welcome at Maryknoll. They leave us free to apply the help where the need is greatest.

The exercises begin with Mass of the Holy Ghost; the Lord and Giver of Life, spiritual and intellectual, is invoked for aid in study during the coming year, and is asked to pour out His Grace upon His chosen ones. This Mass is a very important feature of Maryknoll Opening exercises everywhere, for devotion to the Holy Ghost is a marked characteristic of the Maryknoll Superior-General and hence of the Society of which he is the Co-founder. After the Opening exercises comes the Retreat. It is a time for refreshment, and for renovation of the soul, when the peace of Christ and the strength necessary for a lofty calling are sought in prayer.

Then, when the Retreat is over and everyone is back to normal Seminary pitch, suitcases and trunks snap open again, a general housewarming party is in order, and away we go for another year!

Our Latest Missioners—

OFF they went, fifteen in all, crossing the Pacific in three groups. Their departure was for each of them and for those dear to them an unforgettable experience. For all who witnessed it—priests, Sisters, and layfolks—on that last Sunday night in July, it was an edifying sight—"as good as a retreat", remarked a priest in the audience. As usual the terraces were filled, and although no especial invitations had been sent out and publicity was not sought fully a thousand people were present.

The principal address to the departants was given by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John F. Glavin, of Rensselaer, N. Y., and supplemented by a short talk from the Superior General, Bishop Walsh, who conducted the Ceremony, as he has done since the first departure sixteen years ago. This year the Ceremony took place

THY KINGDOM COME IN THE FAR EAST!

again in the quadrangle, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given from the Shrine of the Virgin under the oriental kiosk—erected in her honor by the late Wilhelmina Coolbaugh, a much esteemed Maryknoll benefactress.

The sun went down while the ceremony was in progress, but in the twilight some miles of the Hudson could be plainly seen as it flowed down to the great ocean. Behind the river, and over the hills, the clouds reflected gorgeous colors—a superb setting for an event that would add if possible to the joys of the angels who hovered about the Sacrament. And now, as our readers note this brief account, the young missionaries are hard at work on the language, a prosaic anti-climax, but the beginning of their true usefulness; for without the language, which is occasionally—perhaps somewhat facetiously—referred to as the *Wah*, the missionaries will accomplish little.

Like every foreign speaking individual, the Oriental must be reached through a common medium of communication, and best of all is the spoken word. A smile is helpful, but it won't go far. Nor will gestures carry much further. Even in the home-land, English speaking people are constantly misunderstanding one another, yet explanations can be given to clear up difficulties; but fancy yourself in China facing a native who knows no English, but whom you wish to impress with some idea!

So we leave our latest recruits hard at work, but observant and looking forward to the day when armed with the sword of the word they can attempt the conquest of souls.

Priest Visitors—

CLERICAL visitors have been many, and we managed to record some. They came from Boston; New York City; Buffalo; Yonkers; Harriman, N.Y.; Brooklyn; Binghamton, N. Y.; Long Island; Union City, N. J.; Hacken-

sack; Jersey City; Trenton; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore; Akron; Cincinnati; Cleveland; Watervliet, Mich.; St. Louis; Salt Lake City; San Francisco; Los Angeles; Montreal; the U. S. S. Pennsylvania; Oklahoma; Borneo; and the Bronx. All welcome!

The "Propagandists"—

THE FIELD AFAR does not run itself. Maryknoll does not run itself. On the momentum of some past active force anything may keep up for awhile, but it will soon stop and rust.

Why this philosophizing? We simply wish to pay tribute to a



THE SACRED HEART STATUE IN OUR WOODS RECALLS OFTEN TO ASPIRANT MISSIONERS THE PRAYER: O, SACRED HEART OF JESUS, THY KINGDOM COME IN THE FAR EAST!

small group of Maryknoll priests who by constant effort, patience, forbearance, and cleverness (if we may use so worldly a word) have not only enabled us to keep up the circulation of THE FIELD AFAR, but to increase that circu-

DO your eyes see? Have you spiritual sight to appreciate the riches you may possess or secure for others by a Maryknoll Perpetual Membership?

lation during the past year by thirty per cent. Incidentally these priest-helpers have made it possible for us to sponsor many of our missionaries, actual and aspirant, and so to meet our current obligations.

All young, our priests have found kindly welcome in dioceses scattered from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from the harbors of Boston and New York to the Gates of the Angels and St. Francis on the Pacific Coast. Their appeal is for THE FIELD AFAR; and they realize, as we of Maryknoll have believed from the beginning, that what our people need is information about missions rather than a direct appeal to their generosity. Knowledge brings interest, and interest suggests the true Catholic attitude towards spreading the revelation of Jesus Christ.

At the Bedford Maryknoll—

A FORM of encouragement that any priest would characterize as most desirable was manifested one evening last summer at our Boston center. An observer of Maryknoll progress, after visiting the Probatorium at Bedford, Mass., decided to share his interest with others, and arranged to invite a group of men friends from the nearby city of Lowell to be his guests at Maryknoll-in-Bedford.

Fifty invitations brought thirty-five prominent Catholic laymen, including the Mayor of Lowell; and with them came a small group of Lowell pastors all of whom were old friends of the Maryknoll Superior General, who went from Ossining for this event. After a few speeches by the visitors, Bishop Walsh gave a brief outline of the Maryknoll development, which proved to be a complete surprise to several in his audience to whom the name Maryknoll was practically unknown.

Much interest was manifested by these Lowell visitors, who, before leaving, saw in a few reels of film some concrete examples of Maryknoll accomplishment.

PRIESTS ORDAINED JUNE 17 AT MARYKNOLL



Rev. John F.
Donovan, M.M.,
Newport, R. I.
(Clarks Summit,
Pa.)



Rev. Patrick C.
Toomey, M.M.,
Waterbury, Conn.
(Bedford, Mass.)



Rev. Edmund L.
Ryan, M.M.,
Dorchester, Mass.
(Washington, D. C.)



Rev. Clement P.
Boesflug, M.M.,
Bismarck, N. D.
(Japan)



Rev. Edward C.
Youker, M.M.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
(South China)



Rev. J. Joseph
Daly, M.M.,
Worcester, Mass.
(Japan)



Rev. Bernard T.
Welch, M.M.,
Fitchburg, Mass.
(South China)



Rev. George D.
Haggerty, M.M.,
St. Johnsville, N. Y.
(Washington, D. C.)



Rev. Thomas F.
Nolan, M.M.,
New York, N. Y.
(Korea)

Rev. Cyril J.
Kramar, M.M.,
Youngstown, Ohio
(Korea)



Rev. Donat W.
Chatigny, M.M.,
Amesbury, Mass.
(South China)



Rev. William M.
Mackesy, M.M.,
Lynn, Mass.
(Japan)



Rev. James E.
Fitzgerald, M.M.,
Medford, Mass.
(South China)



Rev. Francis W.
Keelan, M.M.,
Belmont, Mass.
(South China)



Rev. Raymond C.
Hohlfeld, M.M.,
Roseland, Nebr.
(Manchuria)



Rev. J. Clarence
Burns, M.M.,
Toledo, Ohio
(Manchuria)



Rev. Francis J.
O'Neill, M.M.,
Woonsocket, R. I.
(South China)



Rev. Timothy J.
Daley, M.M.,
Palmer, N. Y.
(South China)



Father Foto in China

By Fr. Arthur F. Dempsey, of Peekskill, N. Y., a missionary of the Maryknoll Wuchow field in South China



FATHER DEMPSEY EXPOUNDS TO A THRILLED AUDIENCE AT HIS MISSION OF TOPONG-IN-THE-HILLS THE MYSTERIES OF THE CAMERA. HE HAS FOUND IN HIS CAMERA ANOTHER MEANS TO ESTABLISH THE FAITH, ALONG WITH FRIENDSHIPS



ACK home in the States there's a Photo Supply Concern that advertises its wares with the slogan "*Every picture tells a story.*" That's true,

and I imagine the pictures that missionaries send back to their relatives and friends tell their story too. But there is one story they don't tell—the story that's the best of the lot, namely, the story of the taking of the pictures.

Next to a tin can, I think there is nothing that these Chinese country people like better than the taking of their picture. In fact another American business slogan, with a little change in the verbiage, would aptly describe their desires in this regard, for 'tis true, "*They'd walk a mile for a photo.*"

So when the young missionary steps forth into the streets of his

mission town or village, he looks a lot like a Pied Piper without a pipe, as he passes down the street with an entourage of children following at his heels and crying out: "Father, Father, take our picture." Father usually gets a lot of fun out of such a crowd of children, but there are times when he has to pay a price for this fun, since his youthful admirers often spoil the chances for a good action picture. The prospective subject soon realizes what's happening as the children cry "PICTURE, PICTURE", and he stops his work, either to pose, or else to retire through bashfulness before the

SEE to it that new missionaries come well provided with patience, charity, and good temper, for they may find themselves rich in tribulations. — Junipero Serra.

crowd.

People over here are much like people at home when it comes to having their photo taken. They like to be dressed in their best "bib and tucker". You can't blame them for this though, for at home there are few people who like to be shown at their worst. And, just as at home, so here too there are many natives who are unwilling to be "snapped" while at work. I guess East meets West in this old, old story of each and every one of us desiring "to play the gentleman".

Many a picture sent back home is obtained only after a great expenditure of time and patience, and the use of various displays of sleight of hand in approaching the subjects and flashing the camera on them.

Besides taking his own photo, there is another way of making a Chinese happy, and that is by photographing the "Old Man" of the village. Old age over here is much respected, so it's a great pleasure to a village to have its "Old Man" pose for a picture. It means so much to a village because of the fact that when the "Old Man" is gathered to his ancestors, they will have a memory of him to tack on the wall, and they consider that the next best thing to having the "Old Man" himself. You can easily see, then, that the missionary has a wonderful opportunity in his camera to spread joy and make friends.

It is not all of the Chinese who are so fond of the camera, though. You still have the few who constitute a minority, and who are more shy before the camera than a two-year old baby or a girl at graduation time. Some are so because they have an idea—superstitious, of course—that in taking their picture you take away part of their spirit, with the consequence that sickness and evils of all sorts may befall them. Others fear simply because they don't know what you are going to do when you flash

"STRINGLESS" GIFTS ARE BEST,

your camera, they having not the slightest idea of what a camera is. But this type of people is made up mostly of those who live far from the cities, and who have not yet had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the conveniences of modern life. On more than one occasion I have had people stop their work and drop their farming tools to flee before the camera like hares before the hounds. Consequently I have learned from experience to "shoot first, and ask questions afterwards".

But it is all great fun nevertheless, and in the camera the missionary has another means to establish the Faith, along with friendships.

Mission Lamplight

By Fr. Frederick Donaghy, of New Bedford, Mass., a missionary of the Maryknoll Kaying field, South China



I AM writing this by the light of a small kerosene lamp. If you have never attempted to read, study, or write with such means of illumination, you are not apt to grasp the full significance of this seemingly simple remark.

Work by lamp offers two chief difficulties. Firstly: if it is so placed as to shed the best light on one's endeavors the heat which it radiates is unbearable, or, more mildly, too great for comfort. If removed to a distance sufficient to lessen this objection it is only with a strain on the eyes that one can pursue the work. Secondly: it has even greater magnetic influence than electric light over all things that fly.

My nocturnal visitors range in size from the tiny gnat, which seems to bore into the skin, to the bat. I assure you that a bat in a small Chinese room can create quite a commotion. Included in this range are, of course, the mosquitoes, but they do not limit their annoying visits to the evening;



WHEN IT'S GOOD TO BE STRINGLESS

JUST for the moment this Korean dude would gladly dispense with strings on his hat and his elegant coat. He needs freedom of action.

Such desperate straits are not unknown to the Maryknoll Treasurer. When a thousand and one clamoring needs lay hold on him, he hails as a life-saver that Stringless Gift!

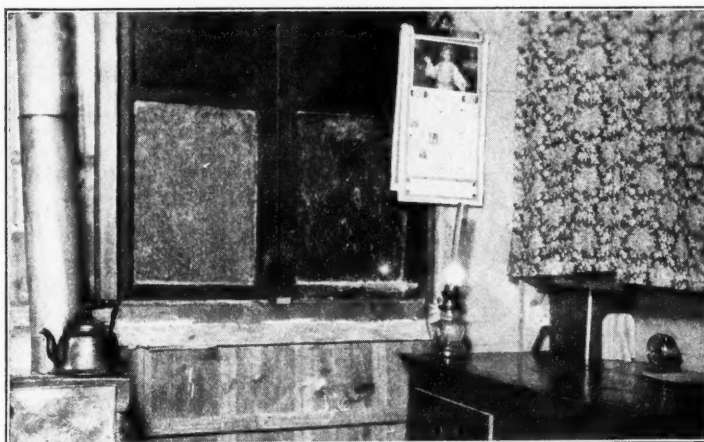
like the poor, they are always with us.

Something, however, may be said in favor of the lamp. It casts a mysterious golden glow over the whole room, softening the severe lines and effecting a change worthy even of Aladdin's lamp. Occasionally as I lean back in my

bamboo chair for a leisurely puff, and glance about me through half-closed eyes, I experience a feeling akin to that which Croesus must have felt as he surveyed his luxurious surroundings.

My bed, standing, or more correctly propped up, in the corner, is no longer a Chinese bed—flat boards laid across two wooden horses and the whole encased in a framework of mosquito netting—but a four-poster draped with rich lace curtains, such as was in vogue during the Middle Ages. My bookcase refuses to remain the plain homemade affair that it is, and becomes a mahogany case no less. Even the two pictures on the wall—the Sacred Heart and the Madonna—cease to be conspicuous by the absence of a glass front, as they are now the original oil productions of the artist. So also the other few fixtures of my room pass from the most commonplace to the beautiful under the spell.

A kerosene lamp has disadvantages it is true, but it also affords advantages for those possessed of a creative imagination. From the few observations I have made since arriving in China I am of the opinion that on occasions a creative imagination will stand a missionary in good stead.

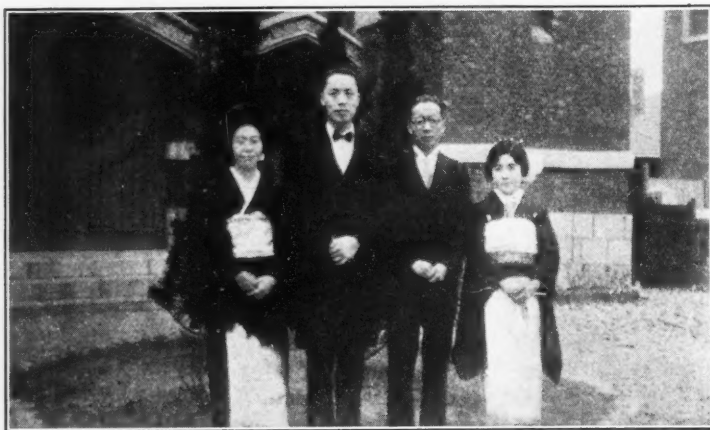


IT WOULD APPEAR TO TAKE MORE THAN EVEN THE "MYSTERIOUS GOLDEN GLOW" OF A KEROSENE LAMP TO TRANSFORM THIS MISSIONER'S "BOUDOIR" INTO AN ABODE OF CROESUS

THEY SERVE THE MOST URGENT NEEDS.

At Maryknoll-in-Dairen

By Fr. John J. Walsh, of New Haven, Conn., assistant at the Japanese parish in Dairen, Manchuria



TWO JAPANESE CATHOLICS OF DAIREN, SISTERS WHO ARE MARRIED TO CHINESE CATHOLICS. THE TALLER OF THE MEN, DR. WONG, HAS SHOWN HIMSELF A KIND AND GENEROUS FRIEND TO MARYKNOLLERS IN THIS LARGE PORT CITY OF THE ORIENT

FATHER John J. Walsh, of New Haven, Conn., was last year a member of Maryknoll's pioneer mission band to Japan, but urgent appeals for more apostolic workers in the Society's Manchurian mission field caused him to be

transferred to the Maryknoll Japanese parish at Dairen, where he is assisting Father John C. Murrett, of Buffalo, N. Y. From Dairen Father Walsh writes:

There are certain consolations I have here that would be missing in Tokyo;

and the thought that God's work is to be done in the place in which we find ourselves helps to check any unreasonable desire to be elsewhere. I cannot but be grateful for having been sent among the Japanese people. What a fine preparation for Christianity their culture is.

Recently we were hosts to a Benedictine Father and two Brothers from Beuron, who were on their way to Tokyo to join two other Benedictine Fathers already in that city. They will now open a house in Tokyo, near ours in Omori, and later on will build a monastery. Their work is a thing which will appeal very much to the Japanese, and the well-carried out ceremonies, too, will attract the people.

We also had as guests recently a group of Capuchins of the Innsbruck province, on their way to take over from the German Benedictines the care of the Ilan mission field in Manchuria. Two of these Capuchins, Father Odalar (the superior of the group) and Father Peregrin, each spent about ten years in Kansu, where almost every year they suffered losses from the bandits. Two others, one of whom was very young, came here from the Tyrol. The other member of the group, Father John Mary, is sixty-four years old, and has spent twenty years in India. He was given up by the doctors two years ago, but said he would get better to go to another mission land and die there.

Our Capuchin guests were here for the Feast of the Japanese Martyrs. It was indeed appropriate, since some of the Twenty-six Martyrs of 1597 were Franciscan European missionaries.



A PAGAN TEMPLE NEAR FATHER McCORMICK'S SAM HO PA MISSION IN SOUTH CHINA. IT WAS BUILT TO KEEP THE WIND AND WATER SPIRITS ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE BOATMEN

Treking Over Hakka Hills

By Fr. James A. McCormick, of Clarks Summit, Pa., a missionary of the Maryknoll Kaying field, South China

SINCE July of last year Maryknoll's Father James A. McCormick, of Clarks Summit, Pa., has been pastor of a new parish in the Society's Kaying mission field of South China, and he has been tramping over hill and dale in search of Christians who have gotten out of touch with the Church. He says of his parish:

HE WHO LOVES CHRIST

Sam Ho Pa is a new parish, just cut off from Tsungkow, and no priest has lived here before.

The men of this region travel down the river to Swatow, and from there to Siam or Singapore in search of work. After having saved a few thousand dollars, they return to their native land. In the Straits Settlements there are numerous Catholics, so many of our Hakka Chinese are baptized while they are there. But when they return home and find no priest near enough for them to reach, they become lost to the Church.

My task, then, has been to tramp over hill and dale, inquiring for any Catholics. When I hear of one, I go to his home. If possible, I stay over night and say Mass in the morning, in order to afford him a chance to receive the Sacraments.

Up to now I have found some eighty Catholics. Many have preserved their faith well, considering the fact that they are alone in pagan surroundings. I walked twelve miles to go to one place yesterday, and twenty to get home today, but I feel that it was well worth it.

The church at Sam Ho Pa was built thirty years ago by a local Chinese, who went to Singapore and made his fortune after becoming a Catholic. It was a fine way to show his gratitude, but the Chinese priest who was to come here died before taking possession, so the church was never used nor the house occupied. Other regions had more Catholics, and missionaries were few.

Now both the church and the house are almost in ruins. We have not even an altar, but we use a table, which serves the purpose very well.

One on the Sin Poo

By Fr. James Pardy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Maryknoll missionary in Korea

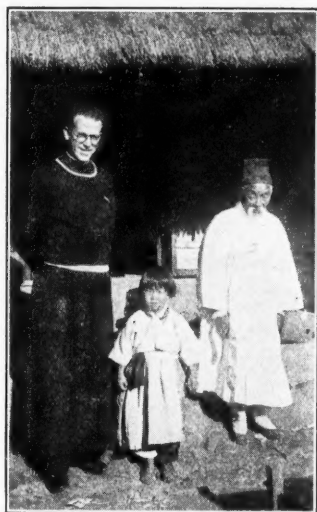
SIN POO was just ready to eat his supper.
When a knock came on the door.
A middle-aged mother with babe strapped
To her back was the intruder.
She wanted to buy a rosary.
A simple transaction, supper could wait,
Thought Sin Poo.
The more expensive rosaries pleased her,

But they were expensive—twenty-five cents!

She was interested in the ten cent kind.
Sin Poo was amused as he watched how Carefully she scrutinized the beads.
A Park Avenue belle couldn't have been more careful

Selecting a string of precious pearls.
After looking on for a while, Sin Poo decided

To help her make a selection.
Surely she wouldn't refuse his choice.
He thought the rosaries were all good,
So he selected one at random.



ABRAHAM, REGINA, AND JACOB PA (PARDY) SIN POO (SPIRITUAL FATHER)

"As there is no word for James in Korean," writes Father Pardy, "I am called Jacob. Abe is a great Christian, he receives every morning. Regina, his grandchild, has on a varicolored outfit, though it doesn't show in this picture"

The good woman shyly took it,
But she submitted it to the same scrutiny.

She was spending her money, and to her Ten cents was a large sum to spend at one time.

Here in Korea, there are many like her;
The little money they have they use sparingly.

But religious articles are to their liking,
And they will often make a sacrifice to buy them

A little flush came into the little

mother's face,

When she came to the last decade of the rosary.

It was short five beads.

Of the twenty or more rosaries,
Sin Poo had to pick the only defective rosary,

Well, after all, Sin Poo was a man;
And what do men know about buying? Shopping is a woman's pastime.

Smilingly, Sin Poo waited ten minutes more,

Until a perfect rosary was selected.

The joke was on him.

As he ate supper that night,
He wished for company to enjoy
The little incident of the imperfect rosary.

BOOKLETS RECEIVED

Manual of Devotion for Seminarists—

Prepared by the V. Rev. Francis A. Walsh, O.S.B., Ph.D., Regent of the Seminary of the Catholic University of America. Published by the Catholic Education Press, 1326 Quincy Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

The Way of the Cross for the Sick—

By the Rev. John J. Croke. Hospital Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

Medical Mission Vocation—

By the Rev. Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C. Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C.

Guide to the Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D. C.

Published by the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C. Price thirty cents.

Radio Talks—

By Rev. John J. Walde. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

The Way of the Cross for Religious—

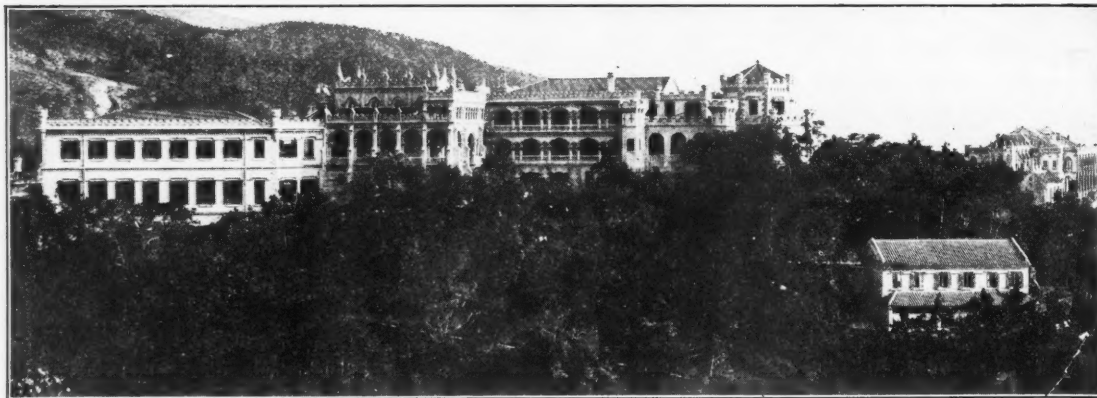
By Fr. Venantius Buessing, O.M. Cap. Published by the Capuchin Fathers, 1740 Mt. Elliott Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Price \$1.00 a dozen.

Summer Religion—

By Edward Lodge Curran. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price ten cents.

LONGS TO MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

Bits of News from Far and Near



THE NAZARETH PRINTING PRESS OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS, HONG KONG

SOUTH CHINA has a mission printing press which this year celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, the Nazareth Printing Press in Hong Kong, operated by the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Nazareth prints works in twenty-six different languages, and has a plant valued at a million dollars. It prints only for Catholic missionaries and mission schools.

The priest to whom the main credit for the creation and development of this remarkable Catholic mission printing press is due, Fr. Francis C. Monnier of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, is an old man now (he was born in 1854 and left France for the missions in 1878), but he is still actively directing the work of the Nazareth Press. Not long ago, he told Fr. Robert J. Cairns, of Worcester, Mass., the Maryknoll pastor of Sancian Island, that Sancian was the first place selected for the establishment of the printing press and that he himself had looked over the possibilities on the Island, nearly fifty years ago. The idea of establishing Nazareth at Sancian had to be abandoned on account of the difficulty of obtaining supplies and equipment and

also because the Island was infested with pirates.

When Father Monnier began his work he knew no Chinese, and nothing about printing. He mastered the characters, learned how to set Chinese type, and taught his Chinese apprentices to do so. He learned from books how to make engravings, block-cuts, and copper plates. There are two Chinese firms in Hong Kong run by Father Monnier's former apprentices, and as late as 1920 these two firms were the only makers of block-cuts in the Colony. He imported motors, large printing presses, paper-cutters and book-binding apparatus from abroad, and set the pace for printing in South China.

When Father Monnier installed electric lights at Nazareth, they were the first electric lights ever seen in Hong Kong. To him also belongs the distinction of driving the first motorcycle seen in the Colony.

FATHER PRICE OF MARYKNOLL

"The story of a gentle, zealous, Christ-like apostle is simply told in this book, which is a real spiritual tonic. This noble and self-sacrificing life will be an inspiration and the seed that will send forth fruit a hundred-fold."

—*St. Joseph's Advocate, London.*

(See page 260)

The Printing Press created by this remarkable pioneer has accomplished untold good for the mission cause. It prints doctrine books and religious literature at cost, for one third or one fourth of what the missionaries would have to pay elsewhere.

Missioners are naturally interested in all classes of mission work, and Maryknollers were happy to read about the ordination of four Colored priests at St. Augustine's Seminary in Bay St. Louis, Miss. The Fathers of the Divine Word are sponsoring a work that should signally help to increase the all too small number of Colored Catholics in this country.

Happily, today, with many vocations assured, some very fine priests are silently working with marked success among the Colored people of our large cities. From New York, Brooklyn, Newark, and Cincinnati news has come of recent gratifying progress.

We owe our front cover picture this month to the courtesy of the Kobza Studios of Hong Kong, to which we are also indebted for other interesting views of China and its people which have appeared from time to time in previous issues.

The Conferences of Archbishop Salotti, Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda, have been published by the Italian *Clerical Mission Union*. They are very attractively printed, and the subjects treated are: *The Native Clergy and the Future of the Church*; *Missionary Sisters*; *The Social Question in Mission Countries*.

Why Go? asked an oversolicitous and under-generous friend of a missionary about to leave for the Orient. And the answer came back from the young missionary—"Simply because Christ said, *Go*."

Timothy Walsh, F.A.I.A.

By Fr. P. J. Byrne, M.M.

MARYKNOLL has lost a precious friend in the death of Mr. Timothy Walsh, of Boston, the brother of our Father General and a member of the universally esteemed firm of Maginnis and Walsh.

Mr. Walsh was actively associated with Maryknoll from its very

YOUR ADDRESS

HAVE you moved? We should know your new address. Please send it to us, together with the old address; and thereby save Maryknoll work, time, worry, and money

beginning until his death. He designed the transformation of barns into dwellings that formed the dominant note of Maryknoll's infancy; and, as the Society and its needs grew, he it was whose capable pen traced the advance from perishable wood to permanent quarters in imposing structures of brick and stone.

The firm of Maginnis and Walsh that has so notably contributed to our later day restoration of genuine beauty to Church architecture has blessed Maryknoll with a notable array of impressive buildings: the colleges at Clarks Summit, Pa., and Los Altos, Calif., the Bethany Rest House at Maryknoll, the unique Seminary with its touch of the Orient and most recently the

impressive Motherhouse of the Sisters of Maryknoll.

Even across the seas are evidences of Mr. Walsh's genius, a beautiful church and a central house in Korea having been graciously designed by him as one of his private "donations" to the mission cause.

But even more than by reason of his contribution to our architectural growth, Mr. Walsh is esteemed by Maryknollers as a cultured Christian gentleman, with a deep personal interest in all that pertained to Maryknoll, ever ready to give generously of his time and his genius to another's need, and equally interested with themselves in all that concerned our missionaries.

His visits to the Knoll will ever be remembered for the pleasure that they brought, while the buildings that constitute his permanent and personal share in Maryknoll will remain a lasting memorial to our most illustrious confrère in the laity.

May God grant him eternal rest!



WHEN THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR GENERAL VISITED LAST SPRING THE SOCIETY'S MISSION FOR JAPANESE IN SEATTLE, WASH. SEATED NEXT TO BISHOP WALSH ARE FR. HUGH LAVERY, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN., DIRECTOR OF THE MISSION (LEFT), AND FR. WILLIAM KILLION, OF MATTAPAN, MASS.

CALLS FOR \$1 A DAY.

Reintroducing Johnny Blank

By Fr. Gerard Donovan, of Pittsburgh, Pa., once a student at the Vénard and now a Maryknoll missionary in Manchuria



LABORARE EST ORARE, TO LABOR IS TO PRAY
The manual labor hour at the Vénard teaches future mission pioneers how to use their hands



JOHNNY BLANK has returned to the Vénard, and, just as we expected, he has come back in long trousers that soon will be too short for him if he keeps on growing the way he has of late. We overheard him recalling the events of the past year for the benefit of an admiring group of new students, and subsequently jotted down for FIELD AFAR readers some of the main passages of Johnny's narrative.

The opening retreat had been given, he said, by a Maryknoll missionary then in the homeland on his decennial leave of absence. This priest had been one of the Vénard's pioneer students, and his stories of difficulties so cheerfully met and overcome in those early

days were an inspiration to Johnny and his companions. Then, too, it was good to listen to one who had actually labored for Christ in fields afar.

Classes had begun in real earnest immediately after the retreat, though Johnny would have liked a few day's rest after his vacation. By the end of September he had brushed up on all he had forgotten during the summer and had become acquainted with the volumes which, carefully balanced with prayer, play and manual labor, were to keep him occupied for the next ten months.

During October a visiting prelate gave the students a free day, and it was spent on a neighbor's estate. Johnny voiced at great

THE measure of fitness for the foreign mission vocation is the measure of generosity towards Christ.

length the praises of this kindly gentleman, who allows the Vénarders the use of his private swimming pool for their holidays.

The cold weather had come soon after and had turned attention from swimming and baseball to football; then winter snows had driven Johnny and his friends indoors to basketball. On Thanksgiving Day nearly all the students and many of the priests had been the guests of St. Thomas College, Scranton, during their annual football games with St. Canisius College, Buffalo.

If you have ever been away to school, you know that just about this time Johnny began counting the days until Christmas. He had it all figured down to the hours and minutes when his calculations were upset by the welcome news that instead of going home the day after Christmas, as in the past, this year he was to go home two days before it. That meant he had a few days less in which to prepare for the pre-Christmas examinations, and a shorter time in which to learn his part in the Christmas mystery play. But had it all been worth it for the joy of spending Christmas with the folks!

Johnny had never seen so much snow in his life as he had found on his return. That year he had had a chance to see it from all angles. Just try skiing once, and you will know what we mean. Johnny had tried it, and, after ten or twenty tumbles, had been able to keep both skis pointing in the same general direction.

In his manual labor periods he had learned how to store ice against the summer's heat. It had taken only a week's work to harvest a year's supply.

It would have been hard to recognize Johnny under the coat of burnt cork he had worn in the St. Patrick's Day minstrel. On that occasion he had sung soulfully of his longing to go back to a tumble-down shack in Athlone, but unappreciative professors had later ex-

KEEP MARYKNOLL CHRISTBEARERS IN THE ORIENT

pressed their doubt that his own mother would have let him in.

The first signs of spring had just appeared on the hills when Easter had come around. Then the warm rains of April had brought out blossoms for Mary's Month. Once more Johnny and his companions had sung the evening hymn to Our Lady, standing before her statue on the lawn and looking out over the shining lake and greenclad hills towards the setting sun.

Many Maryknoll friends from Scranton and nearby towns had attended the annual bridge party to help Vénard aspirant apostles along the road to the priesthood.

Early in June another large gathering of friends had come to bid Godspeed to two Vénard professors who had been assigned to the missions. With Johnny it had not been "Good-bye", but "Till we meet again", for he hopes one day to be working shoulder to shoulder with his former teachers at the Vénard.

Perhaps it might seem from the above résumé of Johnny's narrative that he did little or no studying during the year. However, if you had seen the examinations he took and the marks he made you would agree that the ten months were profitable ones. In any case his professors thought so, or they would not have invited him back in September for his final year at Maryknoll's oldest Preparatory College.

Briefly Noted

TO the Japanese bookshelf of Catholic literature has been added a translation of Father Martindale's book, *What is he doing at the Altar?*

The late Father Alphonsus Duff, a Franciscan priest very well known in Buffalo, was one of Maryknoll's earliest friends.

Truly Catholic was this zealous priest who, while faithful to the obligations of his own Society,

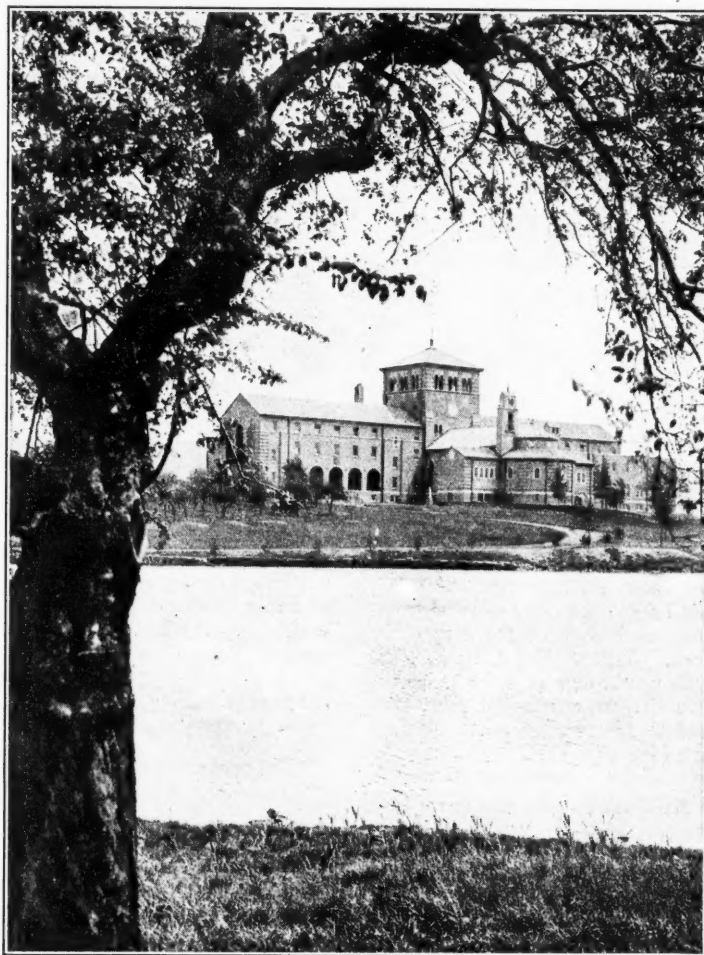
YOU may have a "priestly son" if you wish. Many future priests in Maryknoll's Junior Seminaries of China are looking for adoption. Write us for the particulars.

found time and means to help our struggling work. His Catholic heart prompted in him a special devotion to the Curé of Ars, and he cultivated this devotion among the faithful of his parish. He started at Maryknoll a *Curé of*

Ars Burse, which was completed only a few years ago.

The Sisters of Notre Dame of St. Anthony's Convent in Providence, R. I., selected this year for the graduates of their school a Maryknoll book, *A Modern Martyr*, the Life of Blessed Théophane Vénard.

We hope that the story of this noble life wholly consecrated to God and the salvation of souls may prove an inspiration to Saint Anthony's fifty-two 1934 graduates.



THE VENARD, AT CLARK'S SUMMIT, PA., IS MARYKNOLL'S OLDEST PREPARATORY COLLEGE. THE OTHERS ARE LOCATED AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, AND LOS ALTOS, CALIFORNIA

FOR AT LEAST ONE DAY THIS YEAR.

THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



ARCHBISHOP ZANIN, the recently appointed Apostolic Delegate to China, began his labors immediately on arrival by visiting missions, in order to see at first hand the problems of the work, together with the problem solvers—or creators, as the case may be.

His two short days at Kongmoon brought a breath from the Seven Hills that was almost pentecostal in its warm inspiration. He spoke no language but Latin, but he did not need to speak even that, as it sufficed for him to be seen. Where Rome finds such men would be a mystery, unless it had the promises of Him who makes His ministers a burning fire (Ps. 103, 4).

And unto all nations the Gospel must first be preached.
—Mark 13, 10.

MARYKNOLL'S oldest Mission is the youngest in respect of its native clergy. Sixteen years were interspersed between the beginning of the Kongmoon Mission

MOTION picture abuses are getting a much deserved and long delayed opposition; meanwhile they have done incalculable harm to our people, and have injured the prestige of our country in foreign lands—making harder the task of the missionary.

We cannot urge too strongly the cooperation of all who read the *Field Afar* with the movement now afoot to remove this blot on our civilization.

and the ordination of its first Chinese priest, which took place on June twenty-ninth of this year, the twenty-third anniversary of Maryknoll's foundation.

It is historic Yeungkong, where Maryknoll's first mission work was initiated by saintly Father Price, where Father Hodgins and Father Taggart and Sister Gertrude labored and died, that yields these first fruits in the person of Father Simon Lei.

Meanwhile America had a further share in this fine result, inasmuch as the young priest was supported all through his long course by a mission-minded pastor in Illinois. We hope he is as pleased as we are. Good things come slowly, but in the end they are worth all the patient waiting.

OUR congratulations to the new Passionist Vicar Apostolic in China, the Most Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara. It is ten years since we saw this zealous missionary at Maryknoll, and he was then facing the Far East for the first time. His labors for souls have been tireless during this decade, and it is good to see his efforts crowned with the episcopate.

A SMALL detachment of the outgoing missionaries have arrived in Tokyo to join their fellow Maryknollers, who have been in the Japanese capital for the past year studying the language.

The new priests will find themselves at home and among friends, under the spiritual care of the kindly Archbishop Chambon, and not far from some of his own priests who have been guests at the Maryknoll Center when passing through New York. Archbishop Chambon and his missionaries are alumni of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, to which Maryknoll owes much—as its inspiration and exemplar.

Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark 16, 15.

THE people of the Boston Archdiocese observed the fiftieth anniversary of priesthood of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell by a truly splendid demonstration, which must have impressed all who witnessed it on three perfect days last June. A spiritual bouquet, to which our young aspirants at Bedford contributed, was gathered from priests and people, and gave assurance to His Eminence of an enviable co-operation.

On the anniversary there appeared an autobiography of Cardinal O'Connell, *Recollections of Seventy Years*, in which we find a most fraternal reference to Father Price, the Co-founder of Maryknoll and Cardinal O'Connell's schoolmate at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland. Realizing the interest which our readers, the older ones especially, take in any comment on Father Price, and fearing that many among them will never have an opportunity to read the autobiography, we are reproducing with His Eminence's permission the following extract:

Is it, knowing what I know, rashness on my part to say that Father Price was a saint of God? And am I too daring a prophet to venture to hope

that some day, to the glory of the American Priesthood and the holy cause of Catholic Missions, the name of Father Frederick Price will have a place in the calendar of the saints of God's Holy Church?

As if to complete the entirety of his sacrifice, he went over the unknown road into the untried mission fields as a missionary in China where, under the severest tests of hardship and suffering, he gave up his holy life for the holy cause of which he had become a great apostle. In far-off China, in a simple grave, in an infidel land, lie his sacred remains. No great tomb adorns his sepulchre. Only the sign of the Cross which he had so nobly borne all his life marks his resting-place, but the soul of Father Price still marches on, and following his holy leadership the great phalanx grows and grows, of young devoted American priests, the purpose of whose lives has been inspired and sanctified, to follow his noble, self-sacrificing zeal and devotion to bring the light of Christianity to shine amid the darkness of paganism, and I do not hesitate to bid them say, as I often do, "Father Price, pray for us."

How sad it is that so many men redeemed by Jesus Christ should run headlong to eternal ruin.—Leo XIII.

THE Maryknoll work for Japanese on the Pacific Coast will not interest those who can see qualities only in their own race, but it is steadily gaining friends among the Catholic minded, and broadening its influence.

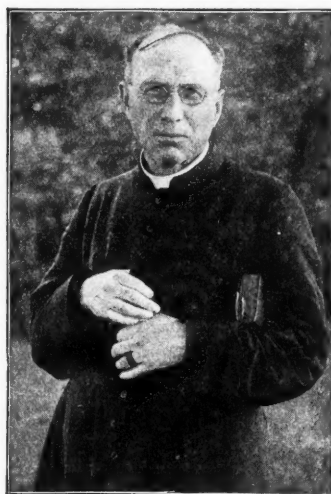
The latest graduation exercises of the Maryknoll School for Japanese at Los Angeles was described by a matured observer as "something of a triumph". "The speakers were all first class," he remarks in a private letter, and adds, "even yet the Japanese papers of Los Angeles are carrying fine notices. The Consul was present with his staff."

Incidentally, our correspondent gave to Maryknoll an item of news that was especially gratifying—the fact that on the occasion of the

birth of the imperial heir, the Emperor of Japan, distributing bounties to many good works, remembered that of the Maryknoll Sisters in Los Angeles, and gave them two thousand yen.

The harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are few.—Matthew 9, 36.

EVERY self-respecting American and every consistent Catholic must be gratified by the for-



FATHER THOMAS F. PRICE, OF WILMINGTON, N. C., CO-FOUNDER OF MARYKNOLL, ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH CHINA WHERE HE DIED ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1919

ward movement being carried on today for decent films. Our hope also is that the indecent pictures will perish before any more of them can be transported to foreign lands.

American life is judged today to no small extent by the Hollywood productions, and some of the worst have been exported. These are spreading their influence not only in Europe, but in Asia where pa-

A STRINGLESS shoe can halt your walk, but a Stringless Gift makes Maryknoll go.

gans, if not shocked, are being convinced that from this land of Christian ideals can come little worthy of acceptance.

Let us applaud the splendid effort of the American Hierarchy—seconded by our non-Catholic compatriots—but let us act each in his own district to purify this source of evil. Producers have boasted that the protest against the indecent screen is a "flash in the pan", that the public—even Catholics—want indecency, and that soon all opposition will cease and the flow of poison can continue. God forbid!

❧

IF the spirit of the pioneers made America great, it is the pioneering of the spirit that will keep it so. Let us not turn back the automobile nor turn off the radio, but rather turn all things to a high ideal.

No country attains greatness by and for itself alone. Greatness is the gift of Providence, and the eternal price of keeping it is to keep eternally giving it away.

How shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?—Romans 10, 14.

AS Maryknoll priests travel across the country they are impressed by the number of FIELD AFAR readers whom they casually meet. On inquiry they learn not unfrequently that one or another has become *interested through a friend*.

We cannot boast that to our knowledge many subscribers have encouraged others "to go and do likewise"; but we wish that we could make that boast. It would settle some of our problems, and enable us to push along much needed developments.

Give us two hundred thousand subscribers, and—(is that all?)

LIGHTS CANDLES OVER THE EARTH.

Junipero Serra Year and the M



THE SUNDIAL AT MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

THE year 1934 marks the 150th anniversary of the death of California's greatest pioneer, the first civilizer of our Western Coast, and it is fitting that it should have been set aside in that State, by order of the legislature, as *Junipero Serra Year*.

Even such anti-Catholic writers as Hubert Bancroft have been forced to render unwilling tribute to Fray Junipero

Serra, and today he is one of the two Californians chosen to stand in image in the United States Capitol. His importance in the history of our country is not merely local, but national. It was the firm determination of this indomitable friar not to abandon the souls of California's "Gentile" Indians which kept the Spanish civil authorities in that country, and thus kept out Russia, a constant menace in the eighteenth century to Spain and her American colonies. Had Russia once established itself in fertile California, it is doubtful whether it would have abandoned it as easily as Alaska, and the history of these United States of ours might have been strangely different.

Fray Serra—

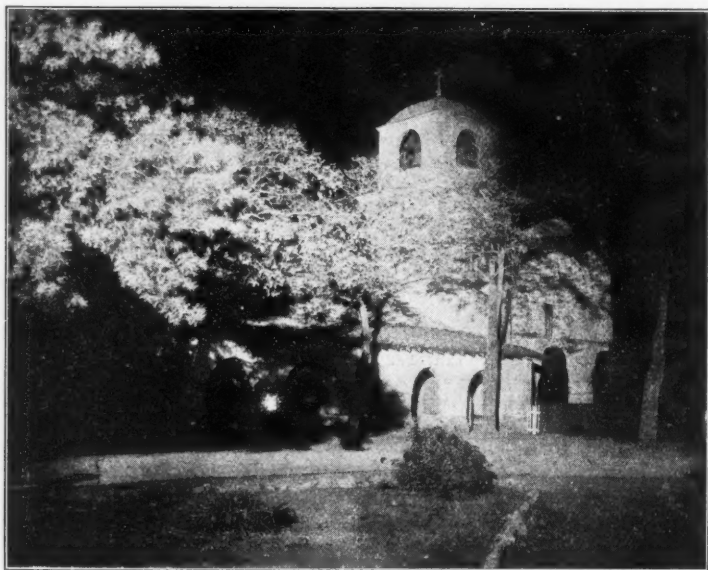
Serra was born in 1713 at Petra, on the Island of Majorca, Spain. He took his first vows as a Franciscan friar in 1730. His outstanding intellectual gifts manifested themselves early, and he was offered the Duns Scotus chair of philosophy at the Lullian University, Palma, Majorca. By nature Serra had none of that love of adventure and distant lands which would prove a natural attraction to the mission life. But he did have a love of God to which all else was subordinated, and which had as its corollary a burning zeal for souls. So he sacri-

ficed his intellectual career, and offered himself as a missionary to primitive Indian tribes.

He went to Mexico in 1749, and labored for nine years at the Sierra Gorda missions, about ninety miles north of Queretaro. His personal mortifications were severe and he suffered during the rest of his life from lameness, the result of an infection brought on at this time by a self-imposed lengthy journey on foot. After nine years Fray Junipero was recalled to the capital, where he became famous as a preacher. When he was in the pulpit and exhorting the people to penance, he pounded his breast with a stone, scourged himself, and sometimes burned himself with a lighted torch.

A Novena's Answer—

He was assigned again to mission work among the Indians in 1767, and in 1769 accompanied the Spanish expedition into Upper California. The difficulties and hardships encountered by



MOONLIGHT FALLS ON THE OLD CHURCH AND CLOISTER



MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA IS THE ONE STRUCTURE A

the Mission of San Juan Bautista

the expedition were so excessive that its leader, Portola, determined to abandon it. In this extremity Serra announced his intention of remaining alone at San Diego, with his companion and devoted friend Fray Juan Crespi. He had founded at San Diego on July 16, 1769, the first of the twenty-one missions which were to bring about the conversion of the "Gentiles" on the Pacific Coast as far north as Sonoma.

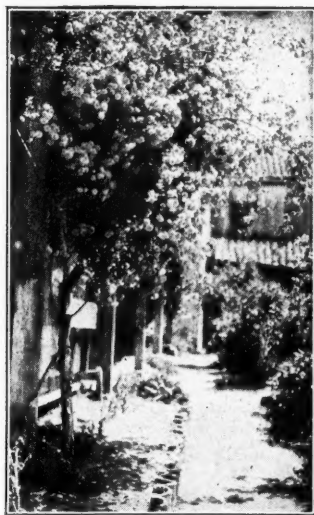
Now he besought Portola to delay departure while a solemn novena to St. Joseph was made, imploring the arrival of a ship bearing fresh supplies. On the last day of the novena Junipero watched and prayed all day on the hills overlooking the harbor. Just as the last rays of the sun were gilding the crests of the hills there appeared far out at sea a white sail "like a winged messenger from heaven". It was a great triumph for the ardent missionary, and one of the supreme days of his life.

The End of the Trail—

In the years that follow we find Fray Serra proving himself a remarkable organizer. Nine missions were founded under his administration. He met with unflinching courage and firmness obstacles raised by interfering civil officials, and was equally unyielding towards his own increasing physical infirmities. His labors for souls were prodigious, there was nothing he would not undertake for the spiritual and material betterment of his beloved "Gentiles", and we even find this great pioneer learning how to sew, in order that he might teach the Indians. A few days before his death he cut out garments for his neophytes from bolts of cloth which had just arrived on an incoming ship.

He died at Monterey, on August 28, 1784. He had baptized 5,800 Indians and confirmed 5,036. He had been the heart and soul of the California conquest, and whatever was done to further the cause of civilization in California during his lifetime was done by him.

When the Indians heard that their old missionary was dead, they went into the woods and fields to gather for him the wild flowers he had loved so well. The guns of the Spanish ship then at anchor in the harbor were fired at half hour intervals during the day, and were answered by the *presidio* artillery and



A FRAGRANT CORNER OF THE PADRES' ROSE GARDEN

the tolling of the mission bells. So passed a great general of the world's noblest Crusade—the conquest of souls for Christ.

San Juan Bautista—

Mission San Juan Bautista, now entrusted to the care of Maryknoll priests, was not established until June 24, 1797, thirteen years after the founder of the



THIS IS ONE OF THE FAMOUS EDIFICES CONSTRUCTED BY THE PADRES



A DOORWAY ONCE FAMILIAR TO INDIAN CONVERTS

California Missions had been laid to rest by the side of his loved co-worker and friend, Fray Juan Crespi. But, like all the rest of the old California Missions, it is the child of Fray Junipero Serra's mind and soul. Situated in what is now the diocese of Monterey-Fresno, Mission San Juan Bautista was established in a locality known to the natives as Popeloutchom, but to the Spaniards as San Benito.

Although Mission San Juan Bautista is the only one of the famous edifices constructed in three aisles, was once used as Alta California mission headquarters, and to the present time has never ceased to have its daily Mass, no volume of historical worth has thus far been devoted specifically to it. The early padres of the Mission were continually harassed by the raids of a warlike tribe of Indians known as the Ansayames, who lived about twenty-five miles to the east. The year 1800 was memorable for terrible earthquakes. For many nights the padres slept in the mission carts, dreading at every tremor that a yawning chasm would engulf the buildings. Strange to relate, the Indians did not appear to fear the earthquakes. San Juan Bautista was secularized, in common with all the old California Missions, in 1835. By the following year all traces of the mission community had disappeared.

Famous Padres—

The best known among the San Juan Bautista padres was undoubtedly Fray Estevan Tapis, a native of Catalonia, Spain. He was stationed at San Juan from 1815 to 1825. He knew several Indian languages, and enjoyed a special gift of winning the affections of the neophytes. He was in addition an accomplished musician, as is indicated by the musical manuscripts still preserved at the Mission. These manuscripts are beautifully inscribed by hand on parchment. Fray Tapis lies buried in the sanctuary of San Juan Bautista Church.

Another distinguished missionary of San Juan Bautista was Fray Felipe Arroya, a gifted linguist, who was able to hear confessions in thirty-three Indian dialects. He compiled a grammar of the language of the Mutsun Indians which appears as Vol. IV and VIII (1861-62) of the Library of American

WHERE can the laboring ox go that the plow will not be heavy to drag? And unless he drag it, how shall the seed be sown? — Junipero Serra.

Linguistics and forms one of the fullest and most complete collections of data on a Pacific Coast language.

The Indian Cemetery—

In the cemetery outside the church, under the olive trees, about four thousand Indians are buried. The Mission funeral bier is still preserved. It is nine feet eleven inches in height and is pyramided in three separate sections. It was placed in the center aisle at Re-



FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA, CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST PIONEER, AND THE FIRST CIVILIZER OF OUR WESTERN COAST

quiem Masses, and, if the deceased had been a model to the whole community, he was raised to the heights of the top elevation.

At the Old Mission—

Visitors to San Juan Bautista always learn with interest that the painting of the reredos was done by Thomas Doc, a Yankee sailor from Boston, the first American to land in California.

An unusual feature of the altar is, on either side near the bottom, a convex Colonial mirror, an aid, no doubt, to the

padres in keeping their eyes on their Indian flock.

The Mission "museum" at San Juan Bautista contains many priceless relics. Among them is a barrel organ used by Fray Tapis to attract the savages. It was made in 1735 by Benjamin Dodson, of Swan Street, London. The vestments preserved from early days are still in splendid condition, and tradition says that they were gifts from the King and Queen of Spain.

In the Footprints of the Padres—

Maryknoll priests at San Juan Bautista no longer have any Indian neophytes, but they are endeavoring to bring to the light of faith some of the Japanese who have settled in the vicinity of the Old Mission. And so, in the Providence of God, they are carrying on the work of California's heroic padres.

The original *El Camino Real*, or *Royal Highway* connecting the old California Missions is still visible to the north of San Juan Bautista Church, and it is not hard to vision on it the cowed figure of the Founder of Alta California's Missions, his strong face alight with the joy of beholding San Juan's old baptismal font still being used to make of "Gentiles" children of God and heirs of heaven.

IN THANKSGIVING

PLEASE have a Mass said in honor of St. Joseph, in thanksgiving for a favor received.—*Norwood, Ohio.*

Please accept this offering in honor of St. Francis Xavier. Both my mother and I made the Novena of Grace, and we obtained the favor for which we prayed.—*Newton Center, Mass.*

I asked during the Novena of Grace for steady work. My request was granted, and I started to work the day after finishing the Novena.—*Oakland, Calif.*

I am enclosing a thank offering in honor of St. Joseph for a favor received.—*Monterey, Calif.*

I wish to make public thanksgiving for a very special favor which I have just received through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady.—*Utica, N. Y.*

With Maryknollers On The Mission Front



MISSIONERS OF THE MARYKNOLL KAYING PREFECTURE APOSTOLIC, SOUTH CHINA, AFTER THE ANNUAL RETREAT PREACHED BY FATHER DROUGHT, A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY'S CENTER COUNCIL

The missionaries are: Fr. William O'Brien, of Chicago, Ill. (seated at the extreme left); Fr. Charles Hilbert, of Rochester, N. Y.; Fr. Charles Eckstein, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Fr. James Drought, of New York City; Monsignor Francis X. Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. William Downs, of Erie, Pa.; Fr. Patrick Malone, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. Maurice Gleason, of St. Louis, Mo.; and Fr. Joseph Murphy, of Montreal, Canada. (Back row, extreme left) Fr. Paul Hon, Chinese priest; Fr. Francis Donnelly, of Lansdowne, Pa.; Fr. Maurice Ahern, of Chicago, Ill.; Fr. Thomas Donovan, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Fr. Harry Bush, of Medford, Mass.; Fr. Raymond Quinn, of Monterey Park, Calif.; Fr. John Callan, of Boston, Mass.; Fr. James McCormick, of Clarks Summit, Pa.; Fr. Charles Murphy, of Ansonia, Conn.; Fr. Allan Dennis, of Wes' New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.; Fr. Richard Rhodes, of San Francisco, Calif.; Fr. James O'Day, of Providence, R. I.; Fr. James O'Donnell, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Fr. John Gallagher, of Dorchester, Mass.; Fr. John Driscoll, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Fr. Paul Choo, a Chinese priest



URING a recent visitation of his Kaying mission field in the hinterland of Swatow, South China, Maryknoll's Monsignor Francis X. Ford, of Brook-

lyn, N. Y., noted gratifying material progress in the condition of the various mission compounds, but his chief interest was in the progress visible in the Christians themselves. He wrote of it:

It is hard to measure such progress and an ungrateful task at best when it

involves comparisons, but all along the line our Kaying missionaries have told me of an increase in Holy Communions. It may be a reaction to the testing of their faith which the Christians have had to stand during the past few years while China flirted with Moscow, at any rate it is noticeable.

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR ONLY AGENTS.



THE FACULTY, SCHOOL CHILDREN, AND VISITORS AT THE MARYKNOLL YEUNGKONG MISSION, SOUTH CHINA

Fr. Thomas O'Melia, of Philadelphia, Pa., pastor of the mission, is seated in the second row, towards the left. In this row also are Fr. Joseph McGinn, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Fr. John Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Another improvement that struck me was the attendance of young men at

the services. A few years back there threatened to be a serious cooling down



THE BLESSING OF THE RECONSTRUCTED AND MUCH ENLARGED CHURCH AT THE MARYKNOLL MISSION OF CHINNAMPO, KOREA, AND THE CONFIRMATION OF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY KOREAN CHRISTIANS BY MONSIGNOR JOHN E. MORRIS, OF FALL RIVER, MASS., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA

of fervor in our young men; they have been so paraded as the hope of China in comparison with the somewhat lethargic attitude of the ordinary business man that it seemed to make them heady. But, thank God, the feeling seems to have gained ground that mere change is not improvement, and our young men are again appearing regularly at services.

At each of our missions that I have visited so far this year the pastor was heartened by the classes for First Holy Communion. This is partly due to the increasing ability of our young pastors to take more complete charge of instructions, an advance which begets more interest, not only in the Christians, but in the pastors as well.

It is hard for one not on the missions to understand the periods of depression and fatigue that are the lot of young pastors over here. The amount of work to be done is so enormous, experience is lacking, and patience is only acquired by time.

The Christian life of the people has not yet reached the stage where it goes on of its own momentum, or can be suspended and resumed easily. Like a herd of sheep that is but recently rounded up after a summer's rich grazing unattended, our flocks over here demand vigilance, constant urging, and close attention lest they go astray.

News of Father Bridge's Death Reaches Manchuria

FROM the Maryknoll mission field in Manchuria comes the following account of how the news of the death of one of its pioneers was received there. Our readers will recall that Father Francis Bridge, brought back to this country in 1933 in the hope of a cure, died at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco on last April eighteenth.

A cable arrived yesterday, announcing the death of our Father Bridge. It was not unexpected. Father Bridge was extremely kind to those who needed kindness most. He was especially thoughtful of the sick, and it is not unlikely that the condition which brought on his death was aggravated while he was nursing a fellow missionary over a long period of illness.

Father wanted to die in China, and he warned his house boy, his cook, and

WE ARE IDLE WHEN NOT OCCUPIED

his catechist to say nothing about the frequent acute and painful attacks which once a month for two years brought him to death's door. His plea to remain was difficult to refuse, but like many forceful characters of his type he submitted finally like a child and without complaint. We have missed him. The results of his good work in Hsin Pin continue, and Father Gerard Donovan, the present pastor, frequently comments on the zeal and persistence which renovated the Hsin Pin mission after a number of apostasies.

Our sympathy goes out to Father's family and relatives, and we recommend him to the prayers of our friends. Yesterday, when the news arrived, the bell was tolled at the Fushun compound. All assembled in the church, Monsignor, the Fathers, Sisters, novices, catechumens, and a number of Christians, to recite the rosary. This morning at 8:30 a Solemn Mass was sung by Monsignor Lane, assisted by Father Mullen, Rector of the Seminary and a classmate of Father Bridge, as deacon. Father O'Donnell, pastor of the Japanese parish here in Fushun, was subdeacon, and Father Hewitt, pastor of the center parish, was master of ceremonies. The Sisters and novices constituted the choir. Before the Absolution, Monsignor Lane preached on death, and Father Bridge's life and work on the missions.

May the soul of our first Fushun priest to leave us soon rest with God, and be for us a representative before the Throne, to plead for us and our Christians.

Maryknoll Leper Hamlets

FATHER Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., who has labored since 1927 in the Maryknoll Kongmoon Vicariate of South China, has been appointed to work with Father Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., for the lepers of that sector. He describes as follows recent activities:

We have selected a large tract of land at Ngai Moon, at the mouth of the Kongmoon River overlooking the South China Sea, where we hope to build the *Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum*. The local mandarin has approved the site and work, and went personally to Canton to present our petition to the Can-

tonese Government. We now await a favorable reply.

At present we have about one hundred lepers gathered at Sun Wui, Toi Shan and Sheung Yeung. As soon as we get the government's approval, we will move to Ngai Moon with these one hundred lepers and set up housekeeping. In the meantime, we visit the lepers at Sun Wui every day and do what we can to help relieve their misery. Dr.



FATHER FRANCIS CONNORS, OF PEABODY, MASS., HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO WORK WITH FATHER JOSEPH SWEENEY, OF NEW BRITAIN, CONN., FOR THE LEPEERS OF THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON FIELD, SOUTH CHINA

Father Connors is here shown at a leper hamlet situated on cemetery lands near the town of Sun Wui. The large jars contain bones of the dead

Blaber visits the group at Toi Shan, and every other week-end he comes to Sun Wui to look over the group there. Fr. Bauer pays an occasional visit to the group at Sheung Yeung, and gives them money for food and other necessities.

Yesterday we had our first death at Sun Wui. The victim was a young man about thirty, who has had leprosy for years. His case was well advanced, so much so that just recently part of his

jaw-bone fell off where it had rotted away. Fr. Sweeney had the privilege of pouring the saving waters of Baptism over him a few hours before he died.

Until we took over the work, at Sun Wui especially, the lepers were living in terrible poverty and misery. The Chinese have a custom of removing the bones of their ancestors and placing them in large earthen jars. The coffins are then discarded. The lepers, who live for the most part in the cemeteries, gather together these coffin boards and from them build their homes. The roofs are made from rice straw, palm leaves, matting, or anything and everything they can pick up. A whole family, or several men live in this little shed, and the dirt and filth of the place is awful. They suffer not only from leprosy, but also from every other kind of disease. We are slowly and gradually trying to improve these conditions so that our patients may be better able physically to stand the treatments for leprosy.

We figure it will cost us about three dollars a month to feed a leper, medicine, housing, and so forth being extra. Medicines and bandages would be most welcome, because they are a big expense for us.

Every day we have doctrine classes for the men and women, and I must say they are very much interested. Very few of them can read, but still they will sit for hours repeating the questions and answers of the Catechism after the catechist. It is a long, slow process, but we know it is worth while and that they will become fervent Catholics later on. May I ask you to remember us and our lepers in your prayers?

Booklets Received

Confession is a Joy?—
A Letter to One About to Leave
the Church—
The Motion Pictures Betray
America—

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Catholic Chivalry—

By Augustine Studeny, O.S.B. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price ten cents.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

The McAllisters' "Discovery"

By Father John Wakefield



THERE WERE JAPANESE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE McALLISTERS' COMMUNITY, AND THEIR RECORDS WERE ENVIABLE



R. HENRY McALLISTER was no ordinary citizen in the Pacific Coast suburb which he called home. Born and reared on a ranch, self-educated with the help of a correspondence school, gifted with a clear head and a zest for work, he had now gradually reached an enviable position in the community, and was classed as one of its very respectable citizens. Mrs. McAllister, a gentlewoman, fitted nicely into her husband's life; and both would have been perfectly content had God blessed them with children.

Their reading was confined to daily papers and current magazines, with an occasional entertaining book. They were both of the Catholic Faith which they practiced, mindful of its substantial requirements; and they contributed to whatever good cause was presented. Mr. McAllister had generally speaking a kindly feeling for his neighbors, but gradually he had conceived a positive dislike towards other races, especially Asiatics.

This dislike was in the atmosphere of the region which he covered periodically in the interest of his business. Wherever he went

he heard complaints — fears that there would be an "invasion" of Orientals, and that those now in the country were lowering the standard of living, or preparing the ground for their descendants.

His immediate neighbor, a prominent politician who sensed the general feeling, fed the flame of prejudice, championing the cause of the native son whenever an opportunity presented itself. The daily paper, a widely read sheet filled with Hollywood stardom, sensational news items from across the country, comic strips and sports, occasionally spread on its editorial page a warning against the Oriental, who was guilty (sic) of two "crimes" — working overtime, and having too many children. Mr. McAllister questioned the propriety of such charges, but public opinion was too strong to resist.

There were Japanese in the public schools of the McAllisters' community, and their records were enviable. One of these, a girl, had been graduated from the high school, and anxious to become a nurse had applied to the training school attached to the local hospital; but when the Superintendent

referred the application to the Board, it was turned down without a dissenting voice. "Our people would not welcome her service," they said, "and besides we should not encourage giving such employment to Orientals."

About this time a succession of disappointing domestics began to get on Mrs. McAllister's nerves, and determined her to follow the lead of some among her friends and try an Oriental. Mr. McAllister frowned when the suggestion was made, but his solicitude for his wife overcame prejudice and the next day an advertisement appeared in the town paper.

It was answered almost immediately, but to the surprise of Mrs. McAllister a young Japanese woman appeared, when she had naturally expected a man. She was about to explain, when the young woman in perfect English anticipated her and said, "Madam, your advertisement made no mention of sex, and I was in doubt, but I have tried everywhere to find a position. I must support my father and a little brother. Father has an incurable disease, and my mother died a few months ago. I do hope you will give me a trial, and, if I should prove satisfactory, keep me for one year."

The trial was given, although Mr. McAllister shrugged his shoulders when the little oriental lady appeared for the first time as a member of his household. A month later Mrs. McAllister's face was beaming as she referred to her "find". Never had she had or expected to have a helper so thoughtful, so capable, so generous in her service as Ria Sato.

She would accomplish tasks in half the time consumed by former domestics, and Mrs. McAllister often found her reading in her room or writing in a notebook. Things seemed to be always in their place, however much they had been disturbed. She rarely asked for extra time off, and never failed to return at or even before the expected hour.

Gradually, too, Mr. McAllister

The Field Afar for life, \$50

CHARITY THAT GOES AFAR

began to appreciate the new maid, who anticipated a multitude of small wants, and made herself pleasantly felt, yet rarely seen.

The year specified by Miss Sato was up, and the McAllisters were loath to lose their helper, whom they had come to regard as a companion. Ria Sato's father had passed away, and she was now determined to carry out her desire to study nursing. Just how she did not know, but she would have a month yet in which to make her plans. Meanwhile Mrs. McAllister, who had been complaining of not feeling well, was advised to go to the hospital for an X-ray, which disclosed a long standing trouble that would require an operation and subsequent attendance. Mr. McAllister knowing that it would be at least a month before his wife could leave the hospital, decided to take up his residence at a nearby hotel. Mrs. McAllister became restless, however, and insisted that she would not remain in the hospital unless she could have Miss Sato with her.

Her wishes were carried out, much to the disgust of certain officials connected with the hospital whose voices had been strongest against the admittance of a Japanese aspirant to the training school; and this feeling became more bitter when it was realized that Miss Sato was actually the former applicant.

Mrs. McAllister convalesced steadily after her operation, and her little attendant, as she came ever closer to her heart, gradually won also the regard and even the affection of the entire hospital force. Patients who remarked her at first with surprise as she passed soon came to look for her modest face, always lighted with a smile, and to give her in return a friendly greeting. And when Mr. McAllister learned the story of their little housemaid's desire to become a nurse, it did not take much persuasion from him to conciliate every director. This done he secured from them a promise to take

up the application with no further request from Miss Sato, and to invite her to begin her course at the end of the month.

Miss Sato made a brilliant course at the hospital. On her free days, after visiting her family, she would invariably spend a few hours with the McAllisters. After receiving her diploma as a registered nurse she found occupation among the Japanese in the large city to the south, and frequently too among Americans who were fortunate

enough to "discover" her.

Today she is at the head of a training school for nurses in her own country, but she looks back on her year with the McAllisters as one of the happiest in her life. Under her uniform she wears a souvenir which Mrs. McAllister gave her—a small crucifix, which she had learned to venerate as, unobserved, she watched the silent Catholic life of the McAllisters; and one of these days, soon she feels, it will bring to her the much desired grace of conversion.



RIA SATO. UPON HER GRADUATION FROM HIGH SCHOOL, FOUND HERSELF THE SOLE SUPPORT OF AN INVALID FATHER AND A LITTLE BROTHER

STRENGTHENS THE CHURCH AT HOME.

Clippings from Maryknoll Sisters' Diaries

Punahou, Hawaiian Islands—



NE of the fifth grade boys, the son of an army captain, is on our "Jug List". His mother telephoned at seven o'clock during night prayers to ask if he was still around. Sisters Dorothy and Bernardine went over to the church and found him there, where he usually waits for the army bus, and they brought him to the Convent and gave him some supper. He seemed very little concerned, and said he had telephoned his home several times since four o'clock, but could get no answer.

Last week, when the same Jack was caught doing his homework during

class, he explained that he wouldn't have time when he got home, as he would have to polish his father's leather and shine his buttons.

Today during class, when asked to rewrite his Christmas letter to a missionary, he added to it: "Just a little prayer for you and your mission, *Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.*"

Loting, South China—

On our walk this evening, we met so many people all dressed up that finally we asked them where they had been and what it was all about. We learned the "*P'o Saat*" (the devil) had been out in a procession today. When

we were returning, we saw "the devil" coming across the ferry, which was crowded, so we waited to get a good look. He seemed to be fixed up in a banner, which was folded so that all we could see was the red cloth and what looked like yellow wings. The shrines at every corner had a fresh piece of yellow paper with characters telling when the procession would be.

We learned today that the doctors and the Head Nurse had all walked out of the new government hospital, and also that the nursery is closed, so they are receiving no babies.

To those not acquainted with Loting, it may be interesting to learn that our family of children—well, sick and blind, all included—numbers around ninety.



MARYKNOLL SISTERS, NOVICES, AND POSTULANTS "ON THE ROCKS" AT THE HOMELAND MOTHERHOUSE. THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE WOULD HAVE EXPERIENCED A KINDRED FEELING FOR THE MOTHER GENERAL OF OUR SISTERS

CHARITY MUST EXPAND, OR IT WILL DIE.

MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

A LETTER TO FATHER CHIN

from

A Missioner Doll

MY dear Father Chin:

I hope it is not expecting too much if I ask you to publish my Chinese Adventure on the Junior Page? I have been through a great deal and I am not altogether what I used to be. It is quite shrinking to a doll of soft kid to soak in several inches of muddy water at the bottom of a leaky sampan boat. That is what befell me in the Land of the Yellow People.

Originally I belonged to a little American girl who took me on a tour through the Orient. I am the doll she left behind her. Not purposely of course. I wish she could read this to the dolls in the Nursery. They were inclined to think me a useless, pampered pet! I dare say none of them ever saved someone's life. I have turned out to be quite a heroine.

My little American mistress was very good to me and so proud of me! When I first came to her home, my skin was the fairest white kid like cool snow. I could weep sawdust at the thought of my ruined beauty! My complexion was a delicate shell pink and my features were regal, especially my nose. I once heard an American say my eyes were forget-me-nots and my hair silk flax. He ought to see me now! I really look like a native except for my hair and features. I wear a typical Chinese outfit—black trousers, a flowered coat buttoned high at the throat and a lotus flower in my hair which is now somewhat burnished. My complexion has turned old ivory. I am a trifle thinner and less tall than before, having once been twelve inches in height and now reduced to nine. A week's soaking did that. My sawdust disturbs me now and then as the dampness of the sampan made it congeal in small lumps inside of me. Otherwise I am happy and thankful for my deliverance.

I fell into the sampan by accident. I lay on my back for several weeks during which time the sampan was not in use except as a meeting house for a hundred varieties of bugs. I gazed at the glaring sun, unable to close my eyes

because they have none of those shutter things called lids. On clear nights I stared up into the sky hung with its star-lamps. Once an important looking roach took a nip at my arm. He all but choked with surprise and sawdust.

When the great rains came, I feared I was floating to destruction, but a strange thing happened. A bundle was thrust down beside me in the boat which was anchored very close to shore. At first I thought the bundle might be an ordinary bundle, but soon I discovered it could move of itself and at dawn the next day I knew it was a real, live baby. It only moved a bit now and then. Our situation was desperate. There was nothing I could do.

Then a bright thought struck me. I remembered listening each evening to my little American mistress saying her prayers. There was one that had always impressed me more than the rest and I had often puzzled over it. Now I began to understand. It asked help for people far away in strange lands, missioners I believe is what they are called. Although I did not at the time consider myself in that class, still it was the only prayer I recalled and so I decided to say it silently.

I had just got to the part where it says: "Let nothing disturb them or weigh them down—" when the boat gave a lurch. The baby rolled over on top of me and without any warning I immediately began calling out "Mama!" in my high soprano voice—for the first time in a whole month. And what do you think happened? Some passerby came running to the sampan. He jumped in and picked up the baby carefully and then whisked me up in his other hand. He was

quite amazed I am sure to find me and how he laughed! "You're a plucky sort, Dolly," he said in good old American style. "Thought I heard a baby yelling and here it was yourself all the time!" He squeezed me good-naturedly. "Why you've not only saved your own skin but the baby as well. A real, honest-to-goodness heroine—and a Missioner. Bet we'll baptize you along with the baby." He went off whistling, with the baby drooping over one shoulder and me dripping over the other.

The mission children call me "Heroine". The abandoned baby and I were both christened on the same day, as the missioner himself had promised.

Tin she poo yau! (That might not be absolutely correct as I am not yet well acquainted with the Chinese language.)

—A Missioner Doll





Dear Junior Sponsors,

After a fashion, this is a continuation of what the Missioner Doll (letter on the reverse side of this page) wrote to Father Chin. You see, Baptism isn't the beginning or even the end of a Mission Baby's career. Some Mission Babies have a tendency to live on and a greater tendency to eat rice in true Chinese style - with chopsticks and a hearty appetite! Rice is not exactly expensive, but it does cost something. A Mission Baby's wardrobe could hardly be called elaborate or tailor-made. Still, just like other babies, a Mission Baby must be decently clothed. And do you think it strange for a Mission Baby to love to play with toys very much? To supply all these things means to support a Mission Baby. The clothes and especially the food must be bought. Mission Babies may depend for amusement on toys you send them. 10c keeps a Mission Baby alive for a day! One of your discarded toys will make a Mission Baby happier for a long, long time. What are you going to send Father Chin for a Mission Baby?

Of course, you want to know just what a sponsor really is? Well, a Junior Sponsor is a Maryknoll Junior who by prayer and sacrifice and a dime a day adopts a Mission Baby. There are hundreds of such babies over in China under the watchful eye of Maryknoll Missioners. Several times a day, the rice bowl must be filled! Here is a chance to not only help the Missioners out of difficulty, but to adopt a little oriental brother or sister as well. Christ Our Lord has already paid their adoption price - His Own Precious Blood. For you, the ransom of a Mission Baby is not the price of a martyrdom of blood, but the value of your own little sacrifices added to Our Lord's Merits.

A Junior Sponsor for every Mission Baby! And Juniors, that's our plan for the year in a nut shell. Adopt a Mission Baby. What does it mean? Prayer - sacrifice - money you would have spent on yourself spent on a Mission Baby instead. Don't be afraid to spend your spending money. Our Lord has His Own way of paying His Own 'debts.'

Yours for Junior Sponsors,

Father Chin

P.S. Watch the mail for a MISSION BABY SPONSOR TICKET!

Puzzle Winners

(May)

First Prize—

The Lemire Twins, *Worcester, Mass.*

Second Prize—

Francis Xavier Le Beau, *Rochester, N. Y.*

Third Prize—

Mary Canning, *New Haven, Conn.*

Fourth Prize—

Janet Higgins, *Belmont, Mass.*

Fifth Prize—

Wilma Williams, *Kahului, Maui, T.H.*

Sixth Prize—

Ellen Wrinkle, *Springfield, Mass.*

Honorable Mention—

Charles Semonsen, *Oakland, Calif.*; Dorothy Heinz, *North Ridgeville, Ohio*; John Moughan, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Bernice Whittaker, *Montreal, Quebec*; Frances Brennan, *Seattle, Wash.*; Dorothy Wchnr, *Rochester, N. Y.*; Gertrude Weldon, *Brooklyn, Conn.*; Ralph Shepherd, *Waltham, Mass.*; Rose Kelly, *Yonkers, N. Y.*; Guiamar Wilma Petersen, *Altadena, Calif.*; Grace Welch, *Roslindale, Mass.*; Jane Walsh, *Wakefield, Mass.*; John F. Horstmann, Jr., *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Helene Voyer, *Oakland, Calif.*; Josephine McPhee, *Santa Rosa, Calif.*; Florence Collins, *Galena, Ill.*; Mary Crowley, *Westerly, R. I.*; Ursula Paulosky, *Minersville, Penna.*; Leo Crowley, *Pittston, Penna.*; Joseph Uva, *Watertown, Mass.*; Barbara O'Brien, *Wakefield, Mass.*; Arlene Sullivan, *Wakefield, Mass.*

Puzzle Winners

(June)

First Prize—

Dorothy Edwards, *San Francisco, Calif.*

Second Prize—

Joseph Zenner, *Portland, Ore.*

Third Prize—

Helen Voyer, *Oakland, Calif.*

Gifts from Father Chin's Juniors this month were a great encouragement to him and a big help for the missions. Those who boosted the sum were:

The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Grades of Sacred Heart School, *Nashua, N. H.*; Sacred Heart Junior School, *Grosse Pointe, Mich.*; St. Catherine School Club, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Fifth Grade Boys, *St. Patrick's School, South Lawrence, Mass.*; St. Luke's School, *Glen-side, Penna.*; Eighth Grade of Holy Family School, *Springfield, Mass.*; Seventh Grade of Immaculate Heart of Mary Orphanage, *Buffalo, N. Y.*; First Grade Boys of Nativity School, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Third Grade of St. John's School, *Bellaire, Ohio*; Sixth Grade of School of the Nativity, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Lillian C. Sperl, *Hanska, Minn.*; Mis-

sion Club at St. Joachim's, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Junior Aloysians, *Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York, N. Y.*; Primary Classes of Villa Duchesne, *Clayton, Mo.*; Sixth Grade of Visitation Academy, *St. Louis, Mo.*; Lincoln Place Juniors, *Penna.*; Our Lady of Solace School, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; St. Anselm's Girl Scout Troop No. 183, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Grade One of Holy Saviour School, *Westmount, N. J.*

WOULD you like to help the new missionaries over their first difficulties with language, customs, climate, etc.? Make that your intention for the month.

Father Chin has some Mission Intention Calendars on which you can record your intentions. Write for one.

New Juniors

PATRICIA DUBOST, *San Ramon, Calif.*; Miriam Kinney, *Woodhaven, N. Y.*; Josephine McPhee, *Santa Rosa, Calif.*; John Langon, *Richard Nesline, and Raymond Maryman, Washington, D. C.*; Evelyn Jordan, *Irona, N. Y.*; Mary Harnett, *Pearl Burl, Rita Bodak, Stella Barnaby, and Clarence Barnaby, Altona, N. Y.*; Ralph Shepherd, *Waltham, Mass.*; Frances Laurice Arrigo, *South Boston, Mass.*; Elizabeth O'Neil, *Eileen Glynn, and Frank Mahoney, San Francisco, Calif.*; Peter Murrett, *Kenmore, N. Y.*; Ursula Paulosky, *Minersville, Penna.*; Marion Joyce, *Jamaica Plain, Mass.*; Joseph Sprinkle, *Franklin, Ohio*; Twenty-four girls of Immaculate Heart of Mary Orphanage, *Buffalo, N. Y.*; Josephine Mastrangelo, *Astoria, L. I.*; James H. Loftus, *Clifton, N. J.*; Ruth and Mary Kelly, *Jeanne Swanton, Anna and John Ernst, Katherine Ryan and Rosari Fredrickson, San Francisco, Calif.*; Isabel Kennedy, *Lowell,*

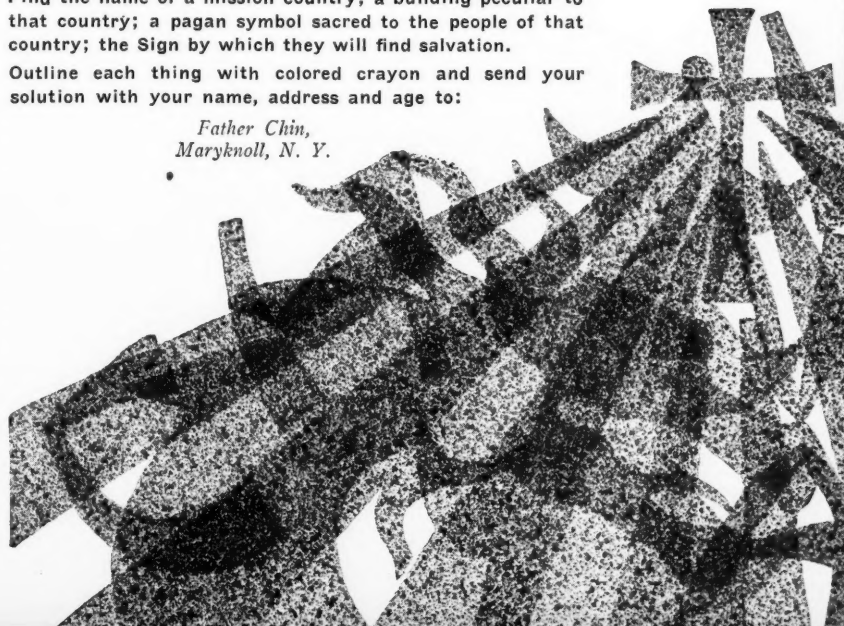
Mass.; Malcolm Ramsey, *Culver City, Calif.*; Alice Keane, *Wakefield, Mass.*; Ellen Wrinkle, *Springfield, Mass.*; Eugenia Girzaitis, *Chicago, Ill.*; Rita Pierce, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Eighty boys from Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary School, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Florence and Edward King, *Detroit, Mich.*; Barbara O'Brien, *Wakefield, Mass.*; Guiamar Peterson, *Altadena, Calif.*; Walter Lemanski, *St. Paul, Minn.*; Claire Stevens, *Kensselaer, N. Y.*; Betty Woolf, *Oakland, Calif.*; Mary E. Hanlon, *White Plains, N. Y.*; Mary Goggin, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Nicholas Cutrone, *South Norwalk, Conn.*; Joseph A. Peacock, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Gertrude Vincent, *Stamford, Conn.*; John De Costa, *Roslindale, Mass.*; Marilyn Fickett, *Newtonville, Mass.*; Nancy Lenihan, *South Norwalk, Conn.*; Marie Sommer, *Los Angeles, Calif.*; Paul and Robert Flannery, *Waltham, Mass.*; Charles Anderson, *Hazel Fortin, Frederick Frederick, Sheboygan, Wis.*; Robert Deveney, *Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.*; Jane Rose, *New York, N. Y.*; Tommy Moynihan, *Seattle, Wash.*; Robert Shea, *Hartford, Conn.*; Thirty-six pupils of Sacred Heart School, *Nashua, N. H.*; Betty Ann Callahan, *Norwalk, Conn.*; Mildred Gallagher, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; John, Francis and Michael Hargaden, *County Wicklow, Ireland*; Edward Ceolo, *Martin Coyne, Emmett Donahue, Thomas Horan, William Kelly, James Lynch, Harold Moraney, Dermott O'Carroll, Dedrick Rademaker, John Sheahy, James Verlin, New York, N.Y.*; Harry Wirst, *Richard and Thomas Butler, Nicholas Koelzer, Jr., Elmer Brock, James Doyle, William Harkins, Joseph Harkins, George Harkins, Thomas J. Linskey, Philadelphia, Penna.*; Julia Smith, *Brooklyn, N.Y.*; Sophie Bartkus, *Chicago, Ill.*; Carmine Bologna and John White, *Paterson, N. J.*; Henry Bettencourt, *Newton Centre, Mass.*; Mary Florence Jensen, *Elmira, N. Y.*; Margaret Shields, *Elmira, N.Y.*; Retia Clarey, *Montrose, Penna.*; Twenty-seven pupils of St. Peter's School, *Eagle River, Wis.*

Mission Puzzle

Find the name of a mission country; a building peculiar to that country; a pagan symbol sacred to the people of that country; the Sign by which they will find salvation.

Outline each thing with colored crayon and send your solution with your name, address and age to:

Father Chin,
Maryknoll, N. Y.





Students' Page



Why Maryknoll

THE following account of *how it came*, written by a student of the major seminary at Maryknoll, tells how THE FIELD AFAR featured in the discovery of his mission vocation:

As a boy my ambition was to be a marine engineer for the Fire Department, like my Dad. Almost daily I tramped around the house bedecked in my father's red lined coat and issued boisterous commands for more steam or this and that. At night I would ask Dad innumerable questions about fires on ships and docks, until I was rushed off to bed or gently reminded by Mother that I had not yet finished my home work.

One afternoon I asked my Mother if I could bundle some papers in the cellar and sell them. I needed the money to buy wheels for a home made wagon. As I was eagerly arranging the papers into bundles I noticed that there were quite a number of magazines entitled THE FIELD AFAR. An elderly couple, who lived in the apartment above us, had saved them for me. It was six o'clock and the papers were not yet bundled together. Being so very quiet my Mother feared some mischief and came down to see what I was doing. No doubt she was quite surprised to find me sitting on a bundle of papers looking at pictures of missionaries and Chinese Christians. That night after supper I continued my reading only this time I was seated in the warm kitchen with all the back numbers of THE FIELD AFAR piled on a chair beside me. It was then that I lost my ambition to be a marine engineer.

When I graduated from grammar school I told my Dad that I wanted to study for the foreign mission priesthood. He simply smiled and reminded me that I was only thirteen and too young. I was told that it would be best to attend high school for a year or two and then if I still wished to enter Maryknoll I could. After two years at Cathedral College, my parents gave their consent and my application was accepted at the Venard.

One glimpse of the Venard and I knew I was going to like my new home. I continued my studies there and needless to say those years were filled with

happiness. For manual labor I was given the job of mixing cement for the completion of the handball court and then for the remaining four years I was placed as a helper on the teams until I had learned enough about horses to merit driving them.

Finishing at the Venard I entered the major seminary at Maryknoll where I am still studying and hoping for the day when my boyhood wish will come true and I shall be a Maryknoll Missioner bound for the Orient.



A child of Mary, fruit of the apostolate in China

MARYKNOLL'S Mission Education Department is preparing Mission Charts for High School and College Bulletin Boards. The supply will be sent out quarterly upon request. The following subjects will be treated.

October—Oriental Architecture
December—Sancian Island
February—Theophane Venard
April—Philippine Islands

Send your request soon, as the supply is limited. Address:

MISSION EDUCATION DEPT.

Poog's Personal Diary

Poog is the International Correspondent of the Students' Page of THE FIELD AFAR, and a personal accomplice of Mr. Sheers shock Poems, on his first visit to the Orient.

1st Day of Full Moon: An How tells me this is coolest day since Confucius celebrated centennial—drank a cup of tea tinged with lemon skins.

2nd Day, etc.: Heard an old familiar sound coming from across the main alleyway—sent An How to investigate—reports my dear old chap, Mr. Sheers shock Poems fast asleep snoring on a straw mat in his private apartment, Dr. Swatzen at his feet—drank a cup of tea tinged with lemon skins.

4th Day, etc.: Fountain pen refilled. Drank a cup of tea tinged with lemon skins.

5th Day, etc.: Met Mr. Sheers shock Poems and colic, Dr. Swatzen on tail end of new mystery concerning The Pink Enamel Ash Can of the Red Dragon which dates back to one of the Ming Dynasties (the Can itself, not the mystery or the enamel which is a modern touch)—drank a cup of tea tinged with lemon, etc.

6th Day, etc.: Helped to squeeze Mr. Sheers shock Poems through an alleyway (one of those old familiar, dear habits of his—getting stuck in tight places)—drank a cup of tea tinged, etc.

9th Day, etc.: Poems sends Swatzen and me on a prolonged search for The Pink Enamel Ash Can of the Red Dragon—we go through all neighboring alleys, setting off firecrackers to avoid attracting attention and suspicion as we act in capacity of secret serving men in plain clothes—drank a cup, etc.

10th Day, etc.: Our first clue—man in a beard and bare feet tells us a lady threw a can of ashes on his head two days before last week—seems to think can was a *pink one* though not sure of its being enamel and remembers seeing stars around it.

11th Day, etc.: Lat—pardon, forgot to mention above "Drank, etc."—Latest clue—report from Department of Public Ashes that The Pink Enamel Ash Can of The Red Dragon has motto in green inscribed on front—Poems concludes can was not round as a round thing has no front.

(To be continued without request)

PRAY AND WORK FOR CONVERSIONS.

Our Sponsors

HOW do our Sponsors become interested in Maryknoll and the mission cause?

Some catch the idea at talks given in various churches, through the Christlike courtesy of prelates and pastors, by our priest-propagandists. Others have received inspiration from a little leaflet distributed at these churches.

And how much talks given in schools and colleges mean and will mean in the future for the mission cause! A striking example of this is a postman Sponsor in Los Angeles who has been giving \$30 a month for over eight years (nearly \$3,000 in all!). When we asked him how he first became interested, he replied: "Twenty-five years ago a priest spoke at my school in England."

Every year in the Maryknoll mission fields of the Orient, where there are over nineteen million pagans, many converts apply for Baptism whose reception of the Sacrament must be delayed because there are not enough catechists to instruct them. A few of our Circle members are helping to gather in this harvest of souls by sponsoring a native catechist.

The *St. Robert Circle*, of Newark, N. J., have been sharers in this work for fifteen years, and just recently sent us their annual offering.

Another "Support-a-catechist" group is the *Holy Name Society of the Most Precious Blood Parish*, of Hyde Park, Mass. This society has been sending us gifts for this purpose for a number of years, in memory of a former pastor, Father Stanton.

Two other groups who have recently sent in the wherewithal to keep their catechist supplied with rice and the fixings are: the *Chi Rho Circle*, of Des Moines, Iowa, and the *St. Aloysius Circle*, of New York City.

From two groups of interested workers in Cambridge, Mass., came recent gifts. One, new to this page, is *St. Mary's Circle*, whose charity was extended to the poor lepers in Fr. Sweeney's leper colony. The other group,

the *Rev. Henry McGlinchey Circle*, of Ginn & Co., sent a stringless gift.

We also acknowledge the following gifts: Baby ransom from *Our Mother of Perpetual Help Circle* and the *Ali-cian Guild*, both of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mass intentions from *St. Caroline's Circle*, of Valley Stream, N. Y.; and *St. Patrick's Circle*, of Westfield, Mass.; and *FIELD AFAR* subscriptions from the *Venard Club*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the *St. Paul's Circle*, of Milwaukee, Wis.

The Maryknoll family includes—besides our priests, students, Brothers, and Sisters—all our benefactors, all those who help along this great work. Here is proof that this family spirit is recognized by our friends in Minneapolis. A Circle member writes:

"The Twin Cities Circles and *Seton Guild* gave a benefit card party for Father Craig (a Maryknoll missionary from Korea at home on leave) at which we presented him with a nice-sized check. Father gave a very interesting talk.

"Mr. McCormick of Scranton, Pa., a brother of Fr. McCormick of South China, read of the party in the paper, came to meet Fr. Craig, and stayed to take an active part in the distribution of the door prizes—an example of the Maryknoll spirit that prevailed throughout the evening."

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 8; E. R.; G. B. D.; J. F. G. and Relatives; E. K. and Relatives; Mrs. A. N.; D. J. C. and Relatives; Relatives of J. A. E.; E. F. S.; C. A. S.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. S.; E. L.; P. McC. and Relatives; J. St. J.; Relatives of R. M.; D. V. D.; Relatives of A. C.; C. V.; J. L. and Relatives; Mrs. A. F. S.; B. O'G.; E. S. and Relatives; Relatives of L. F.; S. F.; W. U.; Dr. S. B. and Family; Dr. T. T. S. and Family; Dr. C. M. and Family; M. W. and Relatives; E. J. M. and Relatives; R. A. C. and Family; M. McD. and Relatives; Mr. and Mrs. M. S. and Family; M. F. H.; R. J. L. and Family; R. T. S.; M. G. D. and Relatives; B. and J. MacD.; Mrs. D. and Relatives; M. McL. and Relatives; Mrs. C. F. and Relatives; M. P.; W. E. B. and Relatives; M. M. and Relatives; Mrs. E. W. and Family; M. C.; Dr. J. O'C. and Family; J. K.; C. C.; L. C.; J. V. B. and Relatives; A. C. C.

Deceased: Mrs. Edward Reardon; Mary Norris; Margaret R. O'Connell; Margaret C. O'Connell; Catherine Crosson; Delia Sharkey; Mary Fearn; William P. Fearn; Alicia R. Powers; The Roche Family; Gaylord T. Williams; The Deceased of the Golding and McDermott Families; Julia I. O'Hara; Elizabeth M. Schoeller; Matthew J. Schoeller.

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.



THE MEMBERS OF THE *ST. ROBERT'S CIRCLE*, OF NEWARK, N. J., HAVE BEEN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS MARYKNOLL'S APOSTOLIC PARTNERS. THEY SUPPORT A NATIVE CATECHIST IN ONE OF OUR MISSION FIELDS

THE MARYKNOLL ANNUITY PLAN INTERESTS MANY.

Among Our Co-Workers



Fides Photo

THE OLDEST AND YOUNGEST MEMBER OF A CHINESE CATHOLIC FAMILY SAY THE ROSARY. WHEN CHINESE CONVERTS TELL THEIR BEADS THE NAMES OF BENEFACTORS IN DISTANT LANDS ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

WE wonder sometimes why more people do not *execute their own will*, and so secure the disposal of their possessions. This can be done by annuities in any strong organization, secular or religious. The advantage of a secular organization is usually a higher rate of interest. The disadvantage is that the principal will go to the secular organization as soon as the annuitant dies.

The advantage of an annuity in a religious organization is evident. While a reasonable income is received during life, the principal eventually goes into the work of the Church—if to Maryknoll, it is applied to the foreign mission cause.

Among recent *Maryknoll Annuitants* are friends in North Cohasset, Mass.; Champaign, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; New York, N. Y.; and Kansas City, Kans.

Stringless Gifts, applied at once to the relief of urgent needs, came from benefactors in Laconia, N. Y.; Waco, Tex.; New York City;

Queens Village, L. I., N. Y.; and East Greenwich, R. I.

A notable and very welcome donation for *Mass Intentions* was received from Laconia, N. Y.

A friend in Detroit, Mich., made a substantial addition to the *Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Native Clergy Bursae*.

A donation towards the *Support of a Maryknoll Missioner* came from a benefactor in Philadelphia, Pa.; and the Holy Name Society of Hyde Park, Mass., contributed to the support of a *Native Catechist* in one of the Maryknoll mission fields.

Apostolic partners in Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., remembered generously *Maryknoll-in-Manchuria* and *Maryknoll-in-Kongmoon, South China*, while notable offerings towards the travel expenses of our 1934 *Mission Band* were received from Fort Edward, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; and Boston, Mass.

Within the past month we have been notified of a remembrance of Maryknoll in two *Wills*, and legacies in favor of our mission work have been received from nine others.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

PRAYERS are requested for the soul of the Most Rev. Daniel F. Feehan, late Bishop of Fall River, also for Timothy Walsh, brother of the Maryknoll Super-

DIOCESAN Directors of Mission Aid will gladly forward to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America gifts for the work at home or abroad.

When requesting this service, mention Maryknoll as your beneficiary.

ior General, and for the following:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. Egan; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. J. Sheridan; Rev. F. X. Donovan; Rev. Wm. A. Casey; Rev. J. W. Broderick; Rev. E. Kriel; Rev. Wm. A. Nuebel; Rev. N. Proulx; Rev. Herman J. Heuser; Rev. J. H. Flannery; Rev. P. O'Neill; Father Ternes; Rev. C. S. Lacroix; Rev. Alphonsus Duff, O.F.M.; Sister M. Evangelista; Sister M. Rose; Sr. Mary Juliana; Sr. M. Sebastian; Winnie Murphy; Carrie Kelly; Mrs. W. G. Gilmore; Theresa Flynn; Mary Sweeney; Mrs. Catherine Gavan; Justin Kohms; Mrs. Josephine Melsha; James Carney; Mrs. Perina Smith; Mrs. P. F. Griffen; Mrs. Mary Ann Reilly; Mrs. Mary Cloonan; T. J. O'Donohue; Dr. V. O. Callery; Mary Gilrain; J. DuSault; J. Hunter; M. J. Barry; Mrs. Mary Farrell; Mrs. Mary Alden; Mr. and Mrs. Rondeau; Mrs. T. Kulage; J. Duffy; Mrs. P. A. Petersen; M. T. Doherty; N. J. Schields; Patrick Stack; J. J. Cermak; J. W. People; Leonora Weis; Geo. A. Perkins; Mrs. Mary McDonough; A. J. Campbell; Frank Walsh; Martha Wernle; Michael Reynolds; Mrs. McNamara; H. B. Owens; Mary Wesselman; Mrs. J. Crowley; Mrs. Sarah Ryan; Mrs. Julia Liston; Mrs. Margaretha Kraebel; Mrs. Anna Shaw; Wm. A. Patton; Michael J. Rafferty; Daniel W. Butler; Mrs. Mary Byrnes; James A. Dillon; P. C. Vallejo; Mrs. McCloskey; James Curran; J. J. Gilleran; Mrs. Mary Sheble; James Wilson.

Maryknoll wishes to acknowledge gratefully to KLA a gift of fifty dollars, sent as a thank offering, and an additional fifty dollars donated for "the good of the cause".

STUDENT BURSES

A bursae is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY (\$5,000 each)

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE,	
No. 2.....	4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursae..	4,200.00
St. Anthony Bursae.....	4,064.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursae	4,050.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursae.....	3,716.59
Pius X Bursae.....	3,250.75
St. Michael Bursae, No. 1.....	3,015.00

GOD WILL NEVER BE

N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Marywood College Burse.....	2,782.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,761.85
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,261.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,260.63
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,930.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
Immaculate Conception, Patron of	
America, Burse.....	1,485.28
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummy Burse of Holy Child	
Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,119.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	948.65
Sacred Heart Seminary Burse.....	851.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	648.20
St. Bridget Burse.....	630.70
Holy Family Burse.....	582.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Holy Name Burse.....	473.65
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	430.00
St. Jude Burse.....	411.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	260.78
Rev. George M. Fitz-Gerald Burse	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Weanduit" No. 2 Burse	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	105.00

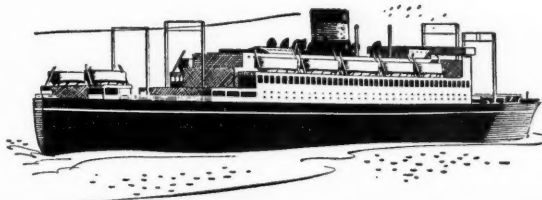
FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES (\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served).....	4,500.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,444.95
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Me- morial Burse.....	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse...	1,001.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)	925.00
St. Michael Burse.....	606.32
St. Aloisius Burse.....	690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....	282.30
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	113.00

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

1,500 placed at interest will enable
our missionaries to keep one Chinese
aspirant to the priesthood at a semi-
nary in China.

SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE...	1,375.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,325.50
Little Flower Burse.....	1,286.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	1,076.50
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13



VISIT THE ORIENT MISSION STATIONS

Go by President Liner to the lands St. Francis knew*

*St. Francis Xavier, sur-
named the apostle of the
Indies, was born in 1506,
at the Castle Xavier in
Navarre. One of the first
members of Ignatius Lo-
yola's Society of Jesuits,
he was also the first
Catholic missionary to go
to Japan. He was about
to extend his field of la-
bor to China when he
died in 1552. Canonized
at Rome in 1621.

There is no finer way to the lands that still re-
member the little apostle of the Indies, than on
a big, smooth-sailing President Liner. Whether
you go First Class or Tourist, their splendid out-
side staterooms, ample decks and lounges, and
their famous cosmopolitan cuisine cost you not
one cent more than you would pay for ordinary
passage. A President Liner sails every week from
New York and California to Japan, China and
the Philippines . . . investigate the generous
time-allowance and the unique stopover privi-
leges allowed on a President Liner ticket.

For fares and detailed information see any travel agent, or . . .

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SAN FRANCISCO

Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse	700.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse (Reserved).....	500.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F.W. Burse	200.00

A Veteran Journalist

AT the advanced age of ninety-
four the venerable father of
our Maryknoll Mission Superior
in Kaying, Monsignor Ford,
passed to God last June.

Mr. Austin Ford, of Brooklyn,
N. Y., a well known journalist,
was candidly disappointed when
his son failed to join him in his
publishing enterprise; but he lived

to realize that his son "had chosen
the better part", and he took great
satisfaction in Monsignor Ford's
accomplishment, literary as well as
missionary.

Monsignor Ford's field covers a
considerable area in the Province
of Kwangtung, and includes a
population of 2,600,000, of whom
some 8,500 are Catholics scattered
in 332 villages. He has under him
twenty Maryknoll missionaries and
five Chinese priests.

In a small seminary which he
managed to build a few years ago
thirty Chinese youths are prepar-
ing for the priesthood; and within
the past year he has provided a
Novitiate for thirteen Chinese Vir-
gins who are being trained by four
Maryknoll Sisters. With nearly
six hundred children in the Cath-
olic schools, and six hundred
adults preparing for Baptism, and
more than a hundred thousand de-
votional Communions to the credit
of his Mission, the future looks
hopeful.

FATHER McSHANE OF MARYKNOLL

"This is a simple and beautiful
presentation of a missionary's career
and the actualities of the mission
vocation. It should promote the
mission cause better than anything
else that has been published in the
United States in the last decade."

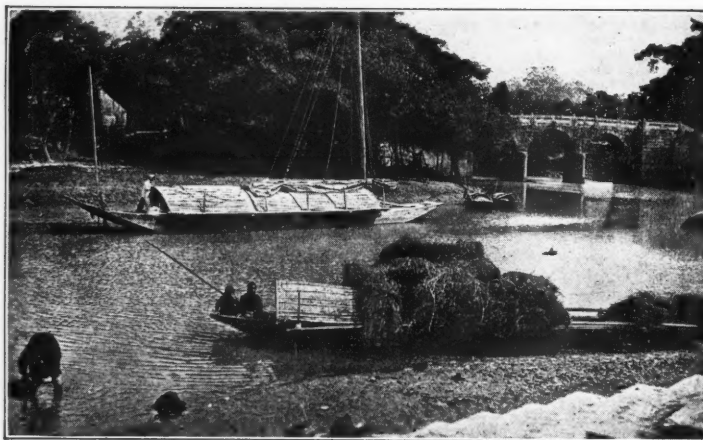
—The Torch, New York.

(See page 260)

OUTDONE IN GENEROSITY.

FATHER PRICE

of
Maryknoll



FATHER McSHANE

of
Maryknoll

The old bridge at Yeungkong, on which Father Price often said his rosary in the cool of the evening

"A biographical sketch of a thoroughly apostolic man whose life was adorned with the virtues of the saints and replete with works of zeal for the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"Conspicuous among these was his establishment of TRUTH, a magazine to carry Catholic doctrine into regions of bigotry and prejudice

"—his founding with Father Walsh of the national foreign mission Seminary in our own country

"—and finally his offering himself, though advanced in years, to labor in China for the conversion of that land.

"The beautiful story thrills and inspires from beginning to end."

—*The Vincentian, St. Louis.*

91 pp. text. 9 illustrations. Cloth.

60c. postpaid

"Those who know Bishop Walsh of South China from the pages of the Maryknoll magazine, THE FIELD AFAR, will come to the reading of FATHER McSHANE with the highest expectations. The author has the rare gift of presenting his subject calmly yet vividly, concisely but adequately.

"In 1920 Father McShane was sent to found the mission in Loting, a town of about 40,000 people. Quietly yet effectively he set about the heavy task. Building, and making converts, he spent in heroic labor the short seven years which remained to him, and died a martyr of charity. . . . Through the heroic lives of such pioneers as Father McShane the zealous Maryknoll spirit is making mission history in the Far East!"

—*The Rock, Hongkong.*

230 pp. text. 16 pp. illustrations. Cloth.

\$1.10 postpaid

Address: The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, New York

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto
the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, (Maryknoll) the sum of _____
_____ Dollars.

This legacy to be used by the said *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, for the purpose for which it is incorporated.

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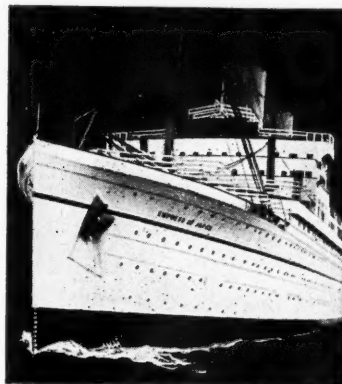
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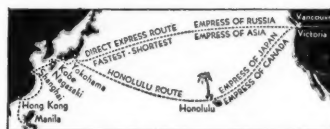
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